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“I REMEMBER”





# “I REMEMBER”

MEMORIES OF A “SKY PILOT” IN  
THE PRISON AND THE SLUM

BY

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*Canon Henry as Mayor of Southwark  
1910*

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TO MY  
OLIVE BRANCHES AND THEIR BUDS



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# “I REMEMBER”

## CHAPTER I

### EARLY DAYS

I—THAT is a word that must occur with a frequency in a book of an autobiographical character, which would be unpleasant to hearers and harmful to its utterer if it came as frequently in ordinary conversation. As the sign of self-assertion or of conceit, it is as ugly (to use an image familiar to me at Woolwich) as the Arsenal chimneys, which, with their naked perpendicularity and curveless lines, mar what once must have been a beautiful landscape from the Plumstead hills as one gazed across the green marshes, bisected by the gleaming Thames, to the distant blueness of Epping Forest. But in personal reminiscences, when justified or invited, one would not mend matters by substituting for “I” such periphrases as “the present writer,” or “he who now addresses an intelligent and indulgent audience.”

Therefore, let me begin boldly. I was born on

June 14, 1845, in a primeval forest, and in no parish ; and I was born where I was born in consequence of lunacy and murder. The forest was that of Blean, which once covered nearly all the country between Ashford and Whitstable, but was always pierced by the straight Roman Watling Street, from London to Dover, whereof the actual name survives in Watling Street in the City of London and Watling Street in Canterbury. I was born also on the top of a hill—Boughton Hill (the name—derived from the Saxon *bartun*, or enclosure for the gathered crops?—is common in Kent ; Boughton Aluph, Boughton-under-Blean, Boughton Malherbe, and Boughton Monchelsea, are all East Kent parishes, almost of identical size, varying only from 2,296 to 2,418 acres). It is a steep sandy hill between Faversham and Harbledown, on the Canterbury road, of such height that one sees to Hadleigh across the estuaries of the Medway and the Thames, and would see London but for Shooter's Hill, and the sea but for Lydden Hill, near Dover. On the top a few houses, and the church and vicarage built for my father, and the schools afterwards built by him, are known by the name of Dunkirk. The church was built only in 1840, my father being the first incumbent ; while the

third, the Rev. W. T. Springett, came there in 1854, and not only holds the living, but is vigorous now in 1911. It is not a parish, but a ville, like the ville constituted by the precincts of Canterbury Cathedral; and whatever may be the case now, I used to be told that, not having been born in a parish, I had no rights under the Poor Law—an assertion which I have only tested as a chairman, and not as an inmate of a workhouse.

Some few years before my birth an insane person of fine presence, called John Thom, finished an eccentric career by posing as a socialistic Christ, and persuaded some of the simple and illiterate woodmen and peasants of the district to follow him as such. A theft caused a warrant, the execution of which was entrusted to the village constable, John Mears, who, accompanied by his unmarried brother Nicholas, sought Thom in the woods he frequented. Thom, observing them, drew a pistol, and said: "Which of you is the constable?" Nicholas, mindful, probably, of his brother's wife and family, stepped forward and said, "I am," and was shot dead. The corpse was buried in Boughton churchyard, at the foot of Dunkirk Hill, on June 3, 1838, on a coroner's warrant.

Strong measures were now necessary, and Major Armstrong and Lieutenant Bennett were ordered to take a detachment of one hundred soldiers from Canterbury. They met Thom (or Courtenay, as he called himself) in Bosenden Wood. Lieutenant Bennett had joked with friends at Canterbury at having to see some active service before rejoining them at a ball that evening. Thom shot him dead, and a tablet to his memory is on the north wall of the nave of Canterbury Cathedral. The soldiers, enraged, fired a volley. Thom and seven of his followers were killed, while others were sent to penal servitude ; and in my early boyhood it was not desirable to mention "The Fray," as it was called at Dunkirk or Herne Hill, as so many had friends implicated. Thom's body was buried secretly in Herne Hill churchyard, close by, the grave being flattened down so that disciples should not remove the body of one who had declared that if killed he would rise again in three days. My mother was one of few who knew the exact spot of the burial. The state of rural ignorance this incident revealed caused the Church to build a church, vicarage, and schools ; and legislation on behalf of national elementary education received a great impetus from the

discovery of the ignorance prevailing in rural districts which was revealed in the evidence at the trial of the rioters. Thus a murderous madman made me a Man of Kent, for I was the first baby born in the vicarage. The words "first baby" remind me of an amusing incident when I went, some years ago, to give a temperance lecture at Canterbury. As I was leaving the hall a portly dame, wife of a police-sergeant, introduced herself to me with the words: "Oh, sir, I must shake hands with you. You were the first baby I ever had." One began to recall a certain adage about its being a wise child that knows its own father; but then she explained that she had been a little village maiden named Celia, who became a ministering spirit at the vicarage in order to give me an airing when in long clothes.

As not only a firstborn, but as the first grandchild, I should have been the recipient of much babyolatry; but there is a family tradition that my grandmother looked me all over, observed my crimson face and scarlet hair and my pugnose (all these distinctive adornments have long disappeared), and said: "Well, he has a good rim to his ear!" Honesty is rare when a baby is being exhibited, but Mrs.

Sankey of Dover was always as good as she was wise.

I suppose I began my travels that year by going by stage-coach to Dover, but it is curious that I have never had any memories of Dunkirk, save that of finding a red fungus in a shrubbery, and of seeing my father cut down a tree which forked into two stems from the root. This may indicate the force of heredity, as I am the fourth generation of a family of East Kent naturalists; but though my father died when I was not five, leaving four children for his young widow of twenty-eight to bring up, I never could remember him, though when my children were of that age I wondered how it could be possible that they should utterly forget me if then I had passed away.

Both my parents were convinced and enthusiastic Tractarians, as those were called who brought about a revival and reformation of the Church of England under the leadership of Pusey and Keble; but they had no love for the additions of Rome to the Catholic faith. My father had gone to Manning for confession before that Archdeacon left the Church of England; and Manning later on tried to get my mother to become a Roman. She, however, answered his

letter by saying that she was perfectly aware that he was an Oxford Double-First, and she would not presume to argue with him.

My paternal grandparents died before my father was five. My grandfather was Colonial Secretary of Granada, in the West Indies, and was comparatively (but profitably) ruined by the emancipation of the negroes. His father kept the old coaching inn at Abingdon, near Oxford, and earlier there were many Horsleys at Didcot, from whom he may have come. The family tradition, however, is that we are of Border origin. A Horsley is mentioned in the "Percy Ballads." The grave of a John Horsley was one of the first to meet my eye in the churchyard of Carlisle Cathedral, and I saw many other memorials to Horsleys at Alnwick. The name of Grace Darling was in full Grace Horsley Darling, her mother having been a Miss Horsley. Considering that the name means "the glade in the forest in which horses were pastured," and that places called Horsley are not rare, it is curious that the name is not common; whereas Cowley or Shipley, with the same kind of origin, are not so rare. There is only one other of my name, and he a first cousin, in the list of the twenty-five thousand or so of clergy, and

amongst the hundred thousand persons under my care in Clerkenwell Prison during the ten years there was only one namesake. He, too, was a John Horsley—a drunken chimney-sweep—in for assaulting his wife. I made no anxious inquiry as to a possible family connection.

It may interest some who have known me as a determined advocate of teetotalism to note that my father's grandfather was a licensed victualler and my mother's grandfather a wine merchant.

In the King's School, however, between 1855 and 1863, there were seven Horsleys at one time, whereof I was Horsley Primus. My brother and the five sons of my uncle, Colonel Horsley, provided the rest—an unusual number of those bearing the same name in a school which then numbered under a hundred. Secundus was my brother Stephen, who, after a strenuous and useful life as engineer under the Rajah of Travancore, died as Town Councillor and Sheriff of Canterbury, having devoted his leisure after return from India to much public work of utility. Tertius entered the Indian Civil Service from Cambridge, and lives now at Canterbury as a retired Indian Judge—also active in not a few good local works. Quartus and Quintus were twins, undistinguishable in appearance—so much so that when they

followed their brother to Corpus Christi, Cambridge, the Dean said, as he could not discriminate, they must keep so many chapels between them, and if one liked to make all the attendances no one would be the wiser. Both were ordained and went to India, one as chaplain, one as C.M.S. missionary. The former died in India ; the latter, after long service in India and Ceylon, is now in London. Sextus is also retired from Indian public service, and Septimus has lately left the Navy as Admiral Horsley.

To be a Man of Kent is, of course, a great thing. It was early impressed upon me that the Medway divided two kinds of human beings, and those of northern or "Cockney Kent" were to be pitied as inferior. Certainly if a gentleman, say from Gravesend or Blackheath, had stood as candidate for the representation of Canterbury in Parliament, placards would have appeared—"No Kentish Man for the Men of Kent!" If we search for a reason for the difference, there is the traditional one that in early days (whether British or Saxon does not matter much to this sort of history) two different tribes were separated by the Medway, though one under the common name of Kent. Then came a battle against a common foe. The Kentish Men were beaten ; the Men of

Kent ran away unconquered, and ever since have had "Invicta" as their motto! There is also the reasonable reason that, as civilisation and religion came mainly by way of East Kent from the Continent, and as Canterbury was always such an important ecclesiastical centre, East Kent inevitably had a tone, an intelligence, and a power superior to anything known to the dwellers in North-West Kent, which was then largely composed of sparsely tenanted marshes and woods. I am afraid it must have been the county, or rather the East Kent, local pride of my mother which taught me to say to my father (I am told), "I Man-o'-Kent—zoo Cockney," for he, indeed, had been bred and born in Middlesex, and educated at Harrow. On my mother's side, however, my blood is of the good old Kentish yeoman stock. She was born at Dover, where my grandfather, William Sankey, an army surgeon in the Peninsular War, was the leading doctor. His father was a doctor at Wingham. His father was of East Langden. Family tradition has it that his ancestor was an Irish M.P. of the Fenian variety, who fled from his distressful country to avoid being hanged as a political offender, and somehow found himself at Harbledown, whence this brand of the Sankeys came as Englishmen. My grandmother was

Miss Elizabeth Thompson, of Dover. Her father was of Dover, and twice its Mayor. His father was of Dover. His father of Sibertswood (or Shepherdswood, in railway language). His father of Kentfield. His father also of Kentfield. His father, who died in 1626, the same; and his father—my great - great - great - great - great - great - grandfather — of Sandwich. Truly I am entitled to be called a Man of Kent; and when I went to Oxford I had rarely been out of my native county, and never had been so far north.

Not a few old words and customs lingered amongst the woodland peasants of Dunkirk, such as making an Epiphany Star in the form of two interlaced equilateral triangles. The wooden basis was covered with clay, on which were stuck berries of various colours with twigs of evergreens outside. The old English name of Twelfth Night, and the old custom of Twelfth Night parties, a Twelfth Night cake, and the drawing lots for king and queen and other characters, were common in the first decade of my life, but are almost unknown now. The chaplain of one of King Charles's men-of-war wrote: "We had a great kake made, in which was put a beane for the king, a pease for the queen, a clove for the

knave, etc. The kake was cut into several pieces in the great cabin, and all put into a napkin, out of which everyone took his piece, as out of a lottery ; then each piece is broaken to see what is in it, which caused much laughter, and more, to see us tumble one over the other in the cabin, by reason of the ruff weather." A dish much favoured at Dunkirk was "squurl poy"—*i.e.*, a pie made of the squirrels which abounded in the woods—and amongst old words was the name of "flawing the rice," for stripping the young oaks of their bark, for use in the tanneries of Canterbury. The smells of tanning, and of drying hops in the oasts, and of the sweet wort, which was a preliminary stage of beer, were characteristic of Canterbury streets at some seasons. "Flawing" is of course flaying ; but for rice we must go back probably to a British word—perhaps to the root of Druid and the Greek *drus*, for oak.

Believing as I do that all the incidents and experiences of our life are pigeon-holed somewhere and somehow in our brain, it is curious how sometimes one of them tumbles out without apparent cause, an involuntary and unexpected recollection ; but still more curious that so many never tumble out at all. To judge by the experience of some people, the best source of recollection of incidents

of childhood is to be nearly drowned, when in a green mist memory acts as a rapid cinematograph. My visits to Dover were no doubt annual at least, from my birth ; but the earliest event I can remember is seeing the great Duke of Wellington lay the first stone of the Admiralty Pier at Dover. My practical grandmother told me, as he passed by, to touch his coat-tails ; and I can still see the bowed form, the blue coat with brass buttons, the yellow waistcoat, and the white trousers of the grand old man.

After the early death of my father—whose grave is at Charing—my mother for awhile kept house for my clerical uncle, then assistant-curate at Witham, in Essex, to a vicar, afterwards known as Dean Bramston of Winchester. Here, at the age of seven, I had my own garden plot, and have never been happy without a garden since. Therein I learned to individualise plants, and, as it were, to talk to them—a system which produces quite as good results in its way as Somebody's Fertiliser does in another. At present the garden of St. Peter's Rectory, Walworth, is 21 feet by 17, with an annexed greenhouse 6 feet by 4 ; but, as my house is bounded on one side by the disused burial-ground of a disused chapel (cinematograph now, though

Congregationalist when I came here), and on the other by the disused God's acre (just an acre) of St. Peter's Church, the latter has been turned into a much-needed oasis in the vast desert of grimy brick cottages, which extends for miles, and is kept up by the Borough Council as a place of beauty and of rest. My first act as Rector—writing an hour after my acceptance of the living—was to write to Lord Brabazon (now Earl Meath) to see if the dark and dreary churchyard, possessed only by cats, could not be given to the service of the people. This was speedily done, and "St. Peter's Park," as children now call it, was laid out by the Metropolitan Gardens Association at the cost of the Goldsmiths' Company, and formally opened and dedicated in May, 1895. It then became the only place in which about a quarter of a million of neighbouring South Londoners could sit under a tree. And very fine planes they are, having been apparently planted all round the church when it was consecrated in 1824.

But to return to Dover. We moved thither, and I began cliff-climbing at the age of eight, ascending from our Limekiln Street gardens to the barracks above, thus, perhaps, preparing for the Alpine delights of the last nineteen years and

my membership of the Swiss Alpine Club. Dover was then a charming place, and its bay, sweeping from Shakespeare's Cliff to the South Foreland, with the wooded valley and the tiny river Dour as an arrow to its bow, and its castle-crowned downs, was frequented by the fashionable for its beauty as well as its sea air, while its cliffs and undercliffs were the happy hunting-grounds of the botanist, the geologist, and the entomologist, where now they have been sloped off into the semblance of railway-cuttings or littered with the débris of engineers' shops, contractors' yards, coal-borings, and so forth. As for the sea, a process has been slowly carried out whereby, partly for naval advantage and partly from commercial greed, the once lovely bay has become a torpedo-boat tank, and the sea is invisible from Dover, and Dover from the sea, owing to arms and breakwaters which frequently break ships as well as shelter them.

The first railway journey I remember was from Canterbury to Whitstable, a line still with two termini and no stations. It was about the second to be made, and the motive power was supplied by a stationary engine which pulled us up a hill and let us run down on the other side into Whitstable. The third-class carriages were open

and roofless trucks. Later on, the making of the London, Chatham, and Dover line was of interest, as our house in Wincheap was close to the embankment which was made to cross the Stour valley into the present Canterbury Station, and from my bedroom window I watched the galloping horse along the line, the adroit upward blow of a navvy's spade, whereby a catch was released, and the cartload of chalk sent rolling down to lengthen the embankment. Also between Canterbury and Bekesbourne, a very fossiliferous bed of the Eocene strata was cut through (East Kent Eocene is usually very barren of fossils), and thence I got quite an interesting collection of pholadomyas, echinoderms, etc., which the British Museum was glad to accept. But for most of my time we went from Canterbury to Dover in the old-time coach-and-four, with the delights of pea-shooting, as described in "Tom Brown's School Days." At Dover one found velocipedes—ancestors of the bike—heavy four-wheeled machines, in which one sat about a foot from the ground, and propelled oneself with much labour and little speed at a charge of sixpence an hour.

The age of ten found me at Canterbury, and winning a scholarship in the King's School, which, though remodelled under Henry VIII., dates



J. W. HORSLEY AS KING'S SCHOLAR, 1856.



back to Theodore of Tarsus, and is admittedly the oldest in England, Sherborne and York running it close. How times and standards have altered may well be illustrated by the tale of this success. The annual examination was conducted by the Canons of the Cathedral, Dr. Russell, previously headmaster of the Charterhouse School, being one. We had to write, in our best hand, a verse or two from the Gospel according to St. John, and to read a few verses aloud; then we went in for *vivâ voce* examination in classics. As the youngest boy, I stood at the bottom of a row, but the question having been passed down, "What is the English of *radix*?" I alone could answer it. So I marched up to the top. There I was asked, "What is its dative plural?" Triumphant, having been taught Latin by my mother, I answered, "*Radicibus*." This was all. This was enough. I passed, and went back into the great schoolroom to the astonishment of the boys there, who saw the youngest come out first. If I have developed radicalism since, it may be partly ascribed to the gratitude I feel to the word which gave me my first lift! Soon, of course, examinations became more thorough. Canon Stanley (better known afterwards as Dean of Westminster) was later amongst the school examiners,

and we appreciated him for his habit of giving us each a line to translate, so that the third boy carefully prepared the third line of an Ode of Horace, and so on. I can also remember a humorous reference made at a Speech Day Prize-giving, when the prize for writing was given. Dr. Wallace, the headmaster, wrote badly enough, and as for Stanley, it was said that he wrote three different hands—one that could be deciphered by himself, but not by his printer; one that was intelligible to the printer, but not to the Canon; and one which neither could read.

Shortly before my joining the school I saw the long procession which brought into the nave of the Cathedral the body of Broughton, himself an old King's Scholar, and the first Bishop in Australia who reproduced the name—and, let us hope, the aim and *ethos*—of his old school by founding the King's School at Parramatta. My next Cathedral impression was a Visitation by Archbishop Sumner. Wearying as the proceedings and the charge must have been to a small boy (whose attendance was required as part of the Cathedral in body in virtue of his being a King's Scholar), I remember the official wig he was the last Archbishop to wear, and also receiving nudges from other boys when he quoted from

the illustrious eighteenth-century Bishop Horsley. The Cathedral, which I attended as a King's Scholar for eight years, was then only lit by candles, and warming was not thought of, except when we boys took in some embers in a tin box, unknowingly copying the *pome* of the Greek Church—a silver hollowed device for the warming of the celebrant's hands at Mass. The sermons were no doubt deep moral essays or scholarly apologetics, but I suppose we were not expected to understand them; and, indeed, until the advent of Dean Alford, I can only remember one. It was on Good Friday, and, being on the difference between Roman and Jewish systems of punishment, appealed to the experience or fear of schoolboys. My parish church, St. Mildred's, was warmed with open braziers of coke, the flickering air above which appealed to one sense, and the pungent odour when the beadle stirred them to another. I can just remember an old street-seller of long splinters of wood tipped with sulphur, and so I suppose tinder-boxes were not quite extinct. Wax vestas were rare, expensive, only found in the drawing-room, and taboo to the children. One went to bed with a real rushlight encircled with a cylinder of wire-netting, and one childish terror of the various

pestilences that walk by night (how apt is the Vulgate, *a negotio*—the vague, impalpable, hair-raising *thing!*—*perambulante in tenebris*) was better based than most. A huge and lengthy form, horned, and with gigantic pincers behind, waxed and waned, dwindled, and then drew nearer and vaster, in shadow near my bed. It was an earwig walking round the top of the protective cylinder, and magnified by reflection as a shadow on the wall.

One of the stateliest sights that have met my eyes was the passing by Dover of the Baltic Fleet, tall three-deckers and frigates, with cloud upon cloud of white canvas sails. Now, when gardening at our holiday cottage opposite the Goodwin Sands, if someone calls out, "There is a man-of-war coming up!" I say, "Thank you for the warning," and look at something less hideous than an exaggerated flat-iron belching forth black smoke from four squat chimneys, passing by in utter nakedness of any suggestion of beauty, and trailing clouds of wasted carbon behind to the defilement of the sunset glories. The Crimean War set us all making mud Redans and Malakoffs in our garden, and apples were neglected for the purchase of small brass cannon, and my brother's eyebrows were removed expeditiously by holding

a lighted paper to a train of gunpowder that was to blow up Sebastopol.

My mother's interest in St. Augustine's Missionary College (where a cousin of mine was the first student) was great, and remained until her death ; and an occasional playmate of mine was Kalli—I forget three or four subsequent syllables—an Esquimaux who had been brought home by an Arctic explorer. Though adult, he was intellectually a child. He died soon, and the experiment did not favour the idea of the possibility of training native teachers for the Esquimaux. When older, I had the occasional companionship of some sons of South African chiefs—Moshesh, Maroko, and others—who ultimately returned to their native land. Dr. Wallace, the headmaster of the King's School, was a gentleman and a scholar of the old type—burly, bellowing, and benevolent, a lovable teacher and an inveterate punster. Under him was built the new Upper School, which I was one of the first to occupy, to which access is gained by the unique Norman staircase, once trodden by the feet of Anselm. Under him were some of the last, I suppose, of the old type of ushers who ground into us the three R's effectually, but were not expected to rise, or to raise us, to higher heights. I am afraid

I took part once in the ancient sport of putting some cobbler's wax on the chair of one, and I can now see his adhesive coat-tails as he rose "in a wax."

To cricket we were devoted, though it was neither the passion nor the science it has now become. Fuller Pilch was still umpiring, and showing us the forward play he had invented. Football we played with vigour, but outside matches were rare, for only by the Clergy Orphan School and St. Augustine's College was the game elsewhere in our neighbourhood played ; and even when I went to Oxford, in 1863, there was no college team nor did I see a football, although one heard of a few Old Rugs meeting somewhere to play their old school game. We had extremely few rules, and no accidents, although I have temporarily stunned a boy by the sidelong charge we called "lumbering," and from my presumed weight (I was six feet high and had some beard at sixteen), I gained the sobriquet of "Ton."

Hockey came in between cricket and football, the sticks being used not merely for the propulsion of the ball, but for smiting the legs of anyone who was offside or in any way transgressing the few rules of the game as then played. In the

lower half of the school marbles were not yet considered below the dignity of a public school ; they had their definite season, and were played in various ways which required skill or were merely governed by chance. Another weird occupation was the making of "togeys," a delight quite unintelligible to me now, as it had not even the advantage of being a forbidden pursuit. We got a chunk of indiarubber, softened it somewhat by stabs from a penknife, and then laboriously chewed it day after day, until it became so plastic that, doubling it over, we enclosed a bubble of air which could be made to explode with a mild pop. That was all ! Perhaps, however, one may say with Father William, who argued each case with his wife : "The muscular strength which it gave my jaw has lasted the rest of my life." "Oak-apple Day" was observed with rigour and vigour, and if one of us could not respond to the challenge, "Show your oak !" Nemesis sometimes took the form of nettles.

Nor did we forget Carlin Sunday, though very likely its observance by the youth of Canterbury has died out. Tid, Mid, and Miseré, Carlin, Palm, and Pace Egg Day, was the ancient *memoria technica* for the six Sundays in Lent. With the three former, names derived from anti-

phons or special psalms—probably *Te Deus, Me Deus*, and *Miserere mei*—we had little to do, but we were careful to get “palm”—*i.e.*, the blossoming branches of the various willows—for Palm Sunday, and to make Easter (Pasch-Pace) eggs, not in the easy fashion due to the invention of aniline dyes, but by gathering all the old ribbons and bonnet-strings we could, and wrapping them tightly round the eggs, so that when boiled the various dyes would stain the eggs and produce quite unforeseen colours ; so also we saw in small shops piles of parched peas fried in oil or fat. These were Carlins, and as a youthful teacher in St. Mildred’s Sunday-school, I remember the difficulty of getting my boys not to be munching during the lesson the greasy crackling delights with which the pockets of their corduroy trousers were crammed.

Readers of the “Ingoldsby Legends” will remember Nell Cook’s ghost in the poem of the little King’s Scholar. She was supposed to stand in a corner of the passage called the Dark Entry, which led from the Green Court (our only playground then) round the Cathedral. To enlighten the darkness the Chapter put up a gas-jet (then a modern invention) just in her spot. We boys thought this was hard lines upon her, and nightly

we turned it out, until they got a contrivance that foiled us.

Elections were lively and lengthy proceedings in those days—long processions of partisans, hustings, fights, and lingering feuds; bribery rampant. As a big lad I remember taking (with one, now an Alderman of Dover, as I am ex-Mayor of Southwark) a yellow (*i.e.*, Radical) jockey into a backyard off the Market Place at Dover, and pumping on him, in the hope of making him sober enough to know that he ought to vote, without being sober enough to know that he was following us into the Tory voting-place. I forget whether that delicate operation succeeded. But later, at Canterbury, we sixth-form lads were zealous for Butler Johnstone, a young Tory who had just left Oxford with high honours. Adorned with his purple and orange colours, we tried to beat up voters, and late in the day discovered a glazier who was too busy to vote. Our persuasions being futile, we hurried off to the chairman of the Conservative party (who was the Cathedral architect, and there are many windows in the Cathedral). He jumped into a cab, and, with arguments of some weight—and possibly colour—polled the man just before the poll closed. Butler Johnstone got in by one

vote, and, had there been a tie, the returning officer, who was a Radical, would no doubt have caused the return of Major Lyon, the other candidate. I think we earned the holiday we got. The obvious moral I have often pressed when finding those who are prepared to commit political or municipal suicide by not voting, giving the excuse that one vote cannot make any difference.

I had one fight, got up by others who wanted an excitement. It came to a speedy end, as neither of us wanted to fight; but General Vousden, V.C., as he afterwards became, did not win his decoration on this occasion, as I found myself sitting on him without either of us having any conception of the reasons for our relative positions. On the day the Prince of Wales was married to her who has since charmed two generations as the Princess Alexandra, the Queen, and the Queen-Mother, I won a mile race at the school sports in the Green Court (nine laps to the mile!), and was only beaten in the walking race by one to whom I gave a long start. He is now the learned Archdeacon of Dorset. We got up the first four-oar that disturbed the quiet Stour. The first crew are all living now—three clergy, a barrister, and a solicitor—and four of us got into our college

eights at Oxford, partly in consequence of our early rows, which sometimes extended from Fordwich to Sandwich and back. The beautiful and diversified surroundings of the city gave opportunity and encouragement for all country sports — birds'-nesting, fishing (I have a very clear image of all the environment when I proudly caught my first minnow), bonfires, and potato-roasting, and squib-firing in hop-grounds at night, and paper-chases of which the chief was the course to Grove Ferry, over, into, or through some thirty or forty ditches (locally called dykes), ending with a swim in the Stour with our clothes on to get off the mud of the dykes, then a game of bowls at the Ferry hostelry, and then a jovial walk home in the evening.

The Devil's Punch Bowl was a favourite resort—a large disused chalk-pit in a hop-field below the Workhouse (the new Elham line has now, I believe, obliterated it), weird, lonely, dank-herbaged, and filled with a dense black sea, in which, when we threw stones into it, prismatic colours appeared, and elicited our gruesome suggestions of "Deadman's fat"! I have often used this as a parable when speaking or preaching for some work for the reclamation of the residuum of society, the utilisation of waste human force.

For the black sea was coal-tar, ejected from the new Gas Works as useless stuff until science began to utilise the waste product, and to produce fragrances, savours, and tints of beauty from the once despised and outcast gas-refuse.

Looking back, it seems that in my school career I owe most to the ever-present influence of the Cathedral, its architecture, and its services ; to all the country provided in the way of recreation and instruction ; to the minute study of Latin poets ; to the indirect influence of Dean Alford ; and to the direct teaching in science, literature, and classics of my venerated second headmaster, now Bishop Mitchinson, Master of Pembroke College, Oxford, his old college and mine. I cannot, however, refrain from expressing my belief that a large portion of my school life was wasted by the system that required Euclid of one who could never understand it. Nor can I now trace a single mental advantage due to my learning propositions by rote, when in other more congenial ways the same training was given, for we had some thirty lines of Latin poetry each day, and I knew all the Odes of Horace, the Georgics of Virgil, and some of his Eclogues by heart. Even lately I took up a Euclid to see if the *Pons Asinorum* would now bear my weight. Not

a bit of it. And yet I can keep various accounts of funds and societies accurately, and revel in statistics, especially in Blue Books. I am thankful to know that now, both in schools and Universities, food that proves indigestible is not forced upon those who can thrive and develop on other mental fare for which they have a taste. It was a mistake, however, not to make us learn Latin prose by heart, as an aid to writing in Latin, and even to the acquisition of some style in English prose.

The schoolfellow whose name is best known to the world was Walter Horatio Pater, the original thinker and writer. He came to the school as a big boy three years after my entrance, took no interest in school games or common matters (a day boy, of course, as most of us were then), nor did he win more than the school scholarship nor give early evidence of his future brilliance. Quiet and reserved, he had but one great friend, Dombrain, late Vicar of Strood. Twice it happened to me later to find schoolfellows under me in prison; but generally the King's School of my time turned out a set of lads who, without achieving greatness and prominence, yet provided for Church and State, for divinity, law, physics, and commerce, those who could be

depended upon for steady work and unblemished character. Happy was the school-time I ended in 1863, and vivid is its memory in every detail ! Most things are now easier and better for boys in the way of education ; but, as to large comparisons, perhaps the most vital improvement is that now our lads are not left to meet and study social reforms and the interests of the poor for the first time long after they have left school, but that by School Missions and lectures on social work they are led to a brotherly interest in their coevals, whom we were allowed to regard only as of a different class, and mainly interesting when we had snowball fights with the poorer boys of the city.

I was an omnivorous reader, but as regards prizes, I only gained those for Natural Science and for an English Poem, which had to be recited in the Chapter House at the Speeches on the King's School Feast Day. In 1905 I again took part in this annual commemoration as the two hundred and ninety-first preacher of the King's School Sermon in unbroken succession. From this sermon I may perhaps make some extracts. The text was : "What manner of child shall this be ?"

"Some of you lads have reached the age when comes the power, and therefore the duty, of putting

our present question to yourselves. Is there in heart or mind some indication as to what profession or occupation will help you most happily and usefully to live? What tastes have you? What dawning sense of a vocation? For some the choice of a profession or a business is settled by parents; and let us hope no parent or guardian will fall into that mistake of disregarding evidences of vocation which has been an hindrance to many, although some of them, in spite of it, became great. Still more, let us hope that mercenary considerations may not arise or prevail to hinder the adoption of a calling to which there seems a vocation, because, forsooth, it offers less prospect of money-making. It is the wealth, or general well-being, of the son that should be the chief thought for the future, and not the chances of his wealth in the more modern and degraded sense of the word. . . . Would that many of you might be inspired, inclined, and aided to become ministers of God, and, as such, His ministers to men. . . . As a priest, and the son of a priest, I find to-day an opportunity, which brings with it a privilege and a duty, to cast a net into these waters, and to suggest to some that they keep an open mind and an open heart to any thought that may incline them to serve God and man in this

special way. Looking on your bright young faces, and knowing the plethora of opportunities you possess, I well may remember the adage, 'What man hath done, man can do,' and wonder whether, from your ranks to-day, there may not come forth for the service of Church and State other old King's Scholars like Winchelsey, the fiftieth Archbishop of Canterbury ; or Accepted Frewen, Archbishop of York ; or another Bishop of Ely like Gunning, whose words we repeat daily as 'The Prayer for all Conditions of Men.'

"Nor has the State been without reason for gratitude to our school, which provided a Lord High Chancellor (Thurlow); a Lord Chief Justice (Tenterden); an administrator in the person of the great Earl of Cork; soldiers and engineers like Gipps, the Governor of New South Wales, and Sir Andrew Clarke, Governor of the Straits Settlement; a scientist like William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood; an antiquary like Somner; and a poet like unhappy Christopher Marlowe.

"No doubt, in the simplicity and the humility which are both effects and causes of that dew of youth which, as yet, no inward fire of fleshly passion nor heat of worldly excitement has banefully caused to evaporate, you might individually

say, 'Such visions are not for me. One in a year, a few in a generation, might possess the special gifts of brilliancy or abnormal powers of application which lead to a niche in the temple of fame; but mine are only ordinary gifts; in me there is no more than normal capacity.' Yet think not that brilliancy is needful for greatness, or, indeed, in itself an object of desire. Brilliancy may, indeed, become a light to shine before men, that they may behold your good works and glorify the Father of all lights. But how often, alas! is it but a meteor that dazzles for awhile and leaves no sign behind.

"The career of our schoolfellow, Marlowe, provides us with a warning beacon in this respect. Brilliant as a youth, desiring to devote his talents to the service of God in His Church, and then falling away, first into infidelity, and then into that quagmire of lust, intemperance, and passion which finally extinguished his light. Remember, again, that it is not always the prize-winners at school who gain crowns in after-life. How the slow, and the apparently untalented, lad may live to falsify the prognostications of his teachers, history proclaims. Isaac Newton, Dean Swift, Sir Walter Scott, Sheridan, Wellington, and Napoleon, all are said to have been dull boys at school. It is

character, not attainments, that matters most in the man and in his work. Fireworks end in smoke and useless paper cases ; while the plain grey pillars of our Norman staircase occupy the place and fulfil the duty assigned to them eight centuries ago."

And then, speaking from and for myself as I spoke to them, I pointed to the helpful environment of the school : " You feel already, you will understand more hereafter, the influence that the constant presence of grandeur and beauty in architecture exercises insensibly upon the mind. Morally you may be uplifted by the constant lifting up of your eyes to grandeur above you, whether it be that of a mountain or of Bell Harry Tower. It evokes the spirit of adoration, and in that spirit there is that humbling element of awe which the hedonism of modern religion has so largely and so disastrously eliminated from the manner of much worship, the language of many prayers and hymns, and the attitude of a multitude towards the great verities of the Catholic Faith, and even the necessities of a true Christian life. Whether you see the Cathedral as you return from a ramble, brooding like a grey dove over its nest in the green valley, and speaking of what is grander than nature and higher than the

haunts and ways of men ; whether from your play in the green court you are conscious, even without the frequent upward glance, of the towering strength towards which innumerable details of beauty in line and form are climbing ; whether you pace within its quiet and quieting aisles, and find your eyes are drawn upwards and your ears always listening for some voiceless message from the past and from on high—in any case you are being influenced far more than you can imagine, and the influence cannot possibly be otherwise than for good.

“ Hereafter, perchance, when your lot is cast in some squalid suburb as a doctor or a priest, you will find reason to disagree with the cry of Coleridge : ‘ Eheu ! quam infortunii miserrimum est fuisse felicem ! ’ and, shutting your eyes to the miles of drab one-storied houses and your ears to the shriek and the thud of the never silent streets, you will recall the vision of the Cathedral, lilac against the sunset rose, and standing as a symbol of the quietness and strength in which you may yet possess your soul.

“ Secondly, there is the influence of the past. This cannot be without force in a school founded in the seventh century, and ever connected with a Cathedral that dates from the sixth. In most

minds either the traditional, or the practical, or the progressive *ethos* dominates habitual thought ; but in no mind should any one of these so rule as to be forgetful of the claims and the utilities of the other two. The eager hurry, the naked utilitarianism, of our age, which gives respect to the achievements of the present and the promises of the future, and but a pitying patronage to all that can be labelled 'old world,' would be calmed and enriched by more and more reverential remembrance of the past. Canterbury is a quarry whence stones came for the upbuilding both of civilisation and of Christianity in Britain, for the edification of both Church and State, in each and every one of the fifteen centuries. From crypt to pinnacle, from storied glass or monumental marble, from the armour of the Black Prince to the bullet-pierced flag of a Victorian regiment, from Anselm's Chapel and Becket's crown, and in the Chapter House, built by the subjects of Richard II., to resound presently with the voices of those who cry 'God save King Edward VII.!' voices of the past inspire us so to live that worthy works may follow us, and the blossoms of our lives smell sweetly in the dust.

"Thirdly, while the grey city is encircled so closely with the multitudinous and ever-varying

beauties of Nature, you need not be uninfluenced by the tender and lasting lessons drawn from God's green Bible. Thankfully do I remember, as a real part of my education, botanical walks with Dean Alford, geological rambles under Dr. Mitchinson, as well as nocturnal expeditions with an entomological cobbler, and the birds'-nesting and fishing exploits shared with my schoolfellows. Some of you some day, confined to an overcrowded wilderness of mean streets, will have memories, thankful as well as envious, of the nearness and the dearness throughout school life of the valley of the Stour, the Chartham Woods and Barham Downs, the chalk-pits, the hop-gardens, the wild flowers, and the birds. Some will gain here—not without the suggestion and the encouragement of enlightened masters, continuing what Dr. Mitchinson began—a taste for some department of natural history, an outdoor hobby, which shall be not only an æsthetic delight, but also a moral advantage wherever your lot may be cast, at home or abroad."

## CHAPTER II

### OXFORD DAYS

IT was in October, 1863, that I matriculated at Oxford—not, however, at Pembroke, for I had been in for a Natural Science Demyship at Magdalen, and as the examination was only in science, we were required also to show a competent knowledge of other subjects, and then to matriculate. The demyship was won by Corfield, whose great ability in science (especially geology and chemistry) was even then apparent. He afterwards became well known and of public utility in London as Professor Corfield, the great authority on hygiene and sanitation. Not succeeding here, I went to Pembroke, where my headmaster, Mitchinson, had put down my name, and the Master, finding I had matriculated elsewhere, excused me from the usual entrance examination, so that I never matriculated at my own college.

Pembroke is unique in Oxford as a seventeenth-

century foundation, having been formally constituted on the basis of the ancient Broadgates Hall in 1624. King James I. was our founder,<sup>1</sup> and Herbert, the great Earl of Pembroke and Chancellor of the University, was its godfather; but the funds for its endowment were found by Tisdale, a bountiful merchant of Abingdon, and Richard Wightwicke, the Rector of West Ilsley, near Abingdon. They were sufficient to maintain a master, ten fellows, and ten scholars, and the connection they desired and promoted between Abingdon Grammar School and this new college still remains.

It has justified its existence, perhaps, mainly by producing a succession of literary men. It is the college of Sir Thomas Browne, of "*Religio Medici*" renown, of Blackstone, of Shenstone the poet and Whitefield the Evangelist, of Lemprière (whose dictionary was an undergraduate's production), of the great scientists Dr. Beddoes (teacher of Humphry Davy) and Smithson, an illegitimate son of the first Duke of Northumberland, who founded the great Smithsonian Institute in the

<sup>1</sup> "From a canny and enlightened desire," says the Rev. D. Maclean, the historian of Pembroke College, "to connect his name, at someone else's expense, with a learned institution."

United States in order that his name should "live in the memory of man when the titles of the Northumberlands and Percys are extinct and forgotten;" and in my own time Professor Rolleston, the great exponent of comparative anatomy, whose pupil I was at the Museum. Perhaps, however, the name of Dr. Samuel Johnson first occurs to men's minds as an illustrious son of Pembroke. He came there in 1728, and had to leave without a degree, owing to the insolvency of his father, and left behind him a reputation for abnormal learning, for assertiveness, for insubordination, and even for laziness!—no presage of what he afterwards became and achieved. His room is still occupied, and shown in the tower over the entrance, being the one under the top story, which is a more recent addition. Various relics of Johnson are preserved in the college, ranging from the manuscript of his prayers and meditations and his portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, to his teapot and the cider-mug used for his gruel.

Amongst those who came up with me as freshmen, and lived in the Old Quad, were my college friends now known and valued by many as Canon Newbolt, of St. Paul's Cathedral, and J. H. Wylie, H.M. Inspector of Schools and an historian of

renown. Sir John Scott, the legal reformer of Egypt, and Sydney P. Hall, whose artistic powers were first shown by the vigour and wit of his caricatures at Oxford, were a little senior to me. The last-named was the first caller I ever received. He was stroke and captain of the college Eight, and, observing my size and weight, came to see and enlist me not many hours after I had settled in my rooms.

But how can one write of one's Oxford life? Who has ever, in history or fiction, given an adequate impression of all that Oxford means to her sons? The *genius loci* is immortal. The fragrance and music of even three years spent in the lap of Alma Mater remains as a subconscious memory, amid the distractions or roughnesses or ugliness or sorrows or excitements of all one's future life, and not rarely in dreams at night do I find myself an undergraduate again. The Church, the river, and the Museum drew forth most of my interest—perhaps too much so in view of the schools; but I am not prepared to regret it, or to believe that I lost in one way more than I gained in another.

The attraction and influence of the Church was probably greater then than afterwards. The attendance at daily prayer was not then a matter

of choice, nor do I believe that the majority were uninfluenced by it. Agnosticism was not commonly avowed, and, if to be sought locally, it was to one brain-proud college that one's mind turned. Low Churchmen were not numerous, nor well provided with senior leaders, with the eminent exception of the venerable Mr. Christopher, of St. Aldate's, *venerabile nec non amabile nomen*. High Churchmen were happy at St. Thomas, SS. Philip and James, Merton Chapel with its marvellous Gregorian psalmody; and, for the more advanced and inquiring, there was the little iron church at Cowley—the first, I think, to gain the sobriquet of “Tin Tabernacle”—where, under Father Benson, Father Grafton, and Father O'Neill, of the nascent Cowley Evangelist Brotherhood, many learned much; and amongst the dons who laid themselves out to help undergraduates spiritually the names of the Revs. Bright, Medd, and Luke Rivington readily recur. Liddon was not yet in residence, and Dr. Pusey was soon to leave us; but Liddon's Bampton Lectures so attracted the undergraduates that we had to get to St. Mary's an hour before the time, and I have now the volume of Neale on the Psalms which I studied minutely while waiting in the gallery. To quaint old Burgon's Sunday

Evening Bible-class (mainly for Oriel men) I personally owe something.

Certainly the minds of many were turned towards Holy Orders, nor was any desire formed before Oxford was commonly dissipated or distracted by prevalent currents of thought. Looking at a photograph of our college Eight, I see that six of the nine became clergymen, and I rather doubt if any other triennium has produced more Bishops. I rowed against those who afterwards have been prominent and honoured as Bishops Creighton, Jayne, Lloyd, Awdry, and Hook; while other contemporaries of mine to be afterwards raised to the episcopate were Bishops Talbot, Corfe, Richardson, Cornish, Hall, Chavasse, Copleston (of Calcutta; his younger brother, the Bishop of Colombo, was a pupil of mine afterwards), Kennion, Ware, Wordsworth, Jacob, Knox, Churton, and possibly others.

The river claimed my service and my love so much that there were very few days in the three years which did not find me afloat in some craft or other. Getting into the Torpid, or Second Eight, in my first term, I then rowed for three years in the Eight, our position being eighth, which was not bad for a small college of eighty or so members; and I was also twice tried for

the Varsity Trial Eights. Apart from the physical advantages derived from an exercise which tries nearly every muscle in the body, the moral advantages are not to be despised or forgotten. The subordination of the individual to the corporate body, the necessity of prompt obedience, the having to control tongue and temper when perhaps unjustly accused or blamed by the coach on the bank, the subjugation of the body in training in the matter of hours and diet—all have their beneficial effect.

I was struck, however, as regards the question of training, to read this year the words of an eminent oarsman and coach to the disparagement of applying the same rules to each and every member of the Oxford crew. I suffered at the end of my first May Races from overtraining and the consequences of one who was practically never out of training having to do and to go without exactly the same things as another member of the crew who so lived that he was never in proper trim.

Two great scullers were our admiration in these years—W. B. Woodgate, good enough to be matched against a professional, powerful and perfect both in form and theory, and still with the appearance of massive vigour when, last year,

I was on the Newington Bench as Mayor of Southwark, and he was beneath with other barristers; and E. B. Michell, a beautiful sculler, but not of such good form in an Eight.

Still fresh in memory are the very varying delights of arriving at the Varsity Barge out of breath and hardly able to see after the protracted spurt from Iffley; the slow endurance of the Long Course; the steeplechasing in tub fours over flooded meadows, and shipping oars for a dash through hedges; an occasional sail in a centreboard *Una* on the broader but shallow water of the upper river; the river picnic with friends' ladies to Nuneham in the luscious early summer; the lazy punting under the hawthorns and laburnums and horse-chestnuts of the Cherwell; and even of the training-mile run before breakfast round the Christ Church meadows in slush and wind—a veritable *pot-pourri* of fragrant recollections.

Athletic sports were neither such a science nor such a business in my time at Oxford as they afterwards became. Each college had its annual sports indeed, and I won the walking race and was third in the steeplechase in the Pembroke Sports; and when a freshman, in ignorance of my uselessness at short distances, I entered for a

Strangers' Race of a quarter of a mile in the Exeter Sports, which was won by a popular cricketer then known as Bob Reid, and now as the Lord High Chancellor of England, Lord Loreburn, a neighbour of mine in holiday times or days at the quiet little seaside village of Kingsdown. I saw in 1864 the first Inter-University Sports, which were held at Oxford, on the Christ Church Cricket Ground, and the second at Fenner's, in Cambridge. No cinder-track then, and no running costume, although that magnificently formed athlete, C. B. Lawes, did adopt, when he won the mile at the first contest, what was looked upon with some disfavour as a professional costume of "trunks and tights." He beat by four yards an Oxonian in what we should now call cricketing dress, and his time was only a second under five minutes. Specially prepared tracks and scientific training soon improved all times and distances, so that in 1905 the mile was run in four minutes seventeen seconds. We thought in 1864 the long-limbed Gooch of Merton had done very well in being first with a long jump of eighteen feet—which most public schools would now despise—and we did not dream of the time when C. B. Fry should beat it by five feet five inches. The real cause of general

improvement in the distance jumped began, at any rate at Oxford, when some were practising long-jumping in the Cowley ground, and asked the best one hundred yards runner to "come and have a try." He said he was no jumper, but they prevailed. He dashed at the taking-off mark at his sprinting pace, lifted his feet, and found he had beaten them easily. Hitherto, an amble, rather than a rush, had brought men to the jump. In those days also, the hammer was thrown by a swing at the side of the body, until a Magdalen Hall scholar, D. Morgan, who was our champion hurdle-racer, invented the waltzing plan. Much later the flexible "handle," with its two hand-grips, superseded our wooden handle, and so the eighty-seven feet of the year 1866 grew into one hundred and fifty-three feet of 1911.

Twice in the Oxford and Cambridge Sports (which I have always witnessed, if possible) have I seen a man walk under the bar he has cleared. One case was the record jump of 6 feet  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches by M. J. Brooks, whose height was over six feet, and the other a much lower jump by a shorter man, J. G. Hoare. In the first Sports, we at Oxford put the weight anyhow, while Cambridge had the plan now universal. Some slung it sideways; I myself took it also in both hands, but

starting the swing near my feet, flung it backwards over my head. Because of this variation of style, an amicable agreement was made at the first contest that each competitor might adopt both styles, and the results should be added together. The winner, Elliott of Cambridge, sent the cannon-ball two and a half feet farther when trying our plan than when he adopted his own, but I forget which variety of our styles he borrowed for the occasion. In the third contest, at Oxford, I remember well the exciting two-mile race, which resulted in a dead-heat between Laing of Oxford and Long of Cambridge—the “*twa mile lang and the two miles long!*” Why throwing the cricket-ball should have been dropped after 1865 I never have been able to understand, for the grounds have always been large enough for the ball to be thrown without danger to spectators, if thrown diagonally across the ground. If the diagram on the programme shows at all correctly the dimensions of the Queen’s Club ground, from the high jump place to the half-mile starting-place is over two hundred yards, and, if necessary, a net could be placed to stop the bounce. To popularise this form of sport, which combines skill and strength, would help cricket in one particular.

Thirdly, I mention the Museum, in which I

spent many a morning in the study of comparative anatomy as a pupil of Professor Rolleston, one of the most interesting men and best teachers I have ever met. His power of comprehensive view of a subject and its relations ; the clearness of his generalisations and the aptness of his illustrations ; his sense of humour, which so often bubbled forth—makes his memory that of the only two from whom I learned much, the other being Professor Conington, the devotee of Virgil, under whom one learned the significance of each word, the value almost of each vowel, and how a translation might seem to be not a translation. I was second for the Newdigate Prize Poem one year, when the subject was “ Virgil reading his ‘Æneid’ to Octavia and Augustus,” and I was proud to find that amongst the adjudicators Conington had voted for my production, which failed of success from a reason that still seems absurd—namely, that while the heroic measure was prescribed, I had departed from it in a few lines when I translated the passage of Virgil which might be supposed to have affected most the bereaved Emperor and his wife. The objection had not been held fatal in some cases before. Conington seemed not to have a sense of humour, though I can hear his tones when in giving out, with corrections, some

of our Latin verse, he said, "The sweet bird of night is not the owl, as one gentleman seems to suppose"; and can see his face when he read out my translation, "We live on our board," for "Heus, etiam mensas consumimus." Though *Iollas* was *alludens*, the Professor seemed to think that a play on words broke roughly into the sanctity of Virgil's poetry.

Arising out of the Museum, we formed a very small scientific coterie of friends, who read papers to one another and took field walks. Some became eminent afterwards—for instance, Professor Corfield, Sir W. Thiselton Dyer (late Director of Kew), and the loved and lamented Donkin, the first great photographer of the Alps, whose body lies somewhere under the snows and ice of the Caucasus. Many years afterwards I met at Meiringen one of the greatest Alpine climbers, Mr. Dent, and he described graphically how he went out and tried to find the body. Leaving whence the party had started, he proceeded inductively, and by his knowledge of mountain craft, to reconstruct the probable route, and at last settled mentally where the last and highest camp for the night would be. They dug down into the snow, and found some relics which proved the accuracy of their thought. But further was a great *berg-*

*schrund*, into which probably Donkin and his companions had fallen, there for the bodies to rest until the ice, like the sea, gives up its dead.

I think it was in my last long vacation at Oxford that I went to stay in Shoreditch, slumming, before the name was invented and the fashion set, at the suggestion of my friend T. D. Dover of Exeter, now a brother Honorary Canon of Southwark Cathedral. Slums were slums in those days, and our part of Shoreditch vied with most in that respect. The Rev. H. D. Nihill, then assistant curate of St. Michael's, lived in a mean street of small houses, surrounded by courts and alleys of the lowest type. Do what we might, it was advisable each night to lift up a flat candlestick to the ceiling, so that *Cimex lectularius* might be cremated and fall into the receptacle. So was the ceiling adorned with commemorative circles of black. While here the last great epidemic of cholera broke out, and one day we had a case in the opposite house, another on our doorstep, while our housekeeper was also attacked—mainly, perhaps, from fright. I used to nurse at night in a temporary hospital, opened by Miss Sellon's Sisterhood in Whitechapel, a brother volunteer nurse being the Hon. C. Wood (now Earl Halifax), and I think, but am not sure,

Green the historian also helped. This was my first introduction both to cholera and to carbolic acid, and the smell of the one still brings back the sight of the other. Dr. Pusey came, of course, to counsel and hearten the sisters, and visited some patients. After he had been speaking to a labourer in his bed, I went to the patient, who said : " Nice rough-and-ready old gentleman that ! He's been explaining to me about Jonah and the whale, which I never could understand." But blessed was that cholera visitation, since it became the parent of real efforts at sanitation, and demonstrated that zymotic diseases are dirt diseases, and that we lose thousands of pounds (to put it on the lowest and meanest basis of argument) by neglecting to spend tens in fighting the damnable D's of dirt, drink, damp, and destitution.

Leaving Oxford before I had taken my degree, owing to loss of income, I taught for a few years, not of course being yet of age for ordination, in several schools that were doing a good work—St. Paul's, Stony Stratford (now unhappily extinct, but founded and built by an uncle of mine) ; Bloxham, the magnificent thought and gift to the Church of the Rev. P. R. Egerton ; and lastly, Temple Grove, East Sheen, under Mr.

Waterfield. Here I was first master, and had as my class the bright boys of the wealthier classes, who were being prepared to gain entrance scholarships at the great public schools. Some of my pupils have made their mark in various ways—one is a Bishop, another a Colonial Governor, another a General in high office, others prominent and useful as teachers in the Universities or public schools. The chief punishment they needed, and that which most they feared, was to become contributors to my "Punch," which was a collection of what we now called "howlers"—mistranslations or wrong definitions of a remarkable kind, such as discipline from *dis* and *placeo*, because it was unpleasing, and translations equal to that of "Vere novo gelidus canis cum montibus humor liquitur"—"Strange, but true ; the cool dog is left on the mountains by way of a joke."

## CHAPTER III

### AS A YOUNG CURATE

I COME now to the beginning of my work as a cleric. "How long have you been in the Church?" said Serjeant Parry to me when examining me in the Argyle Rooms case, when the keeper of that notorious place claimed ten thousand pounds damages from me for having induced the magistrates to refuse its licence as being an immoral place. "Thirty-six years," I answered. "I should not have thought you were so old a man," he said. Seeing that he was obsessed with the common ignorance, and meant really to ask how long I had been an officer, not a member, of the Church, I said: "It is thirty-six years since I was baptised." Then he learned a lesson.

I was ordained to the assistant-curacy of Witney on December 18, 1870, in Oxford Cathedral, and priest on Sunday, September 22, 1872, in Cuddesdon Parish Church, by Bishop

Mackarness of Oxford. On the latter occasion I remember noting with interest that the choir-boys were taken by a curate to play cricket in the afternoon near the Bishop's palace.

Methodical in some things, though by no means in all, I have recorded since my ordination the localities and dedications of all the churches in which I have preached, and I find that they amount to 841. This number is much larger than it would have been but for my having been for a couple of years Clerical Secretary of the Church of England Waifs and Strays Society, for whose work I was preaching all over England and Wales, sometimes in three different parishes on a Sunday. I have preached in the Cathedrals of St. Paul's, Canterbury, Manchester, Winchester, Gibraltar, York, Chester, Oxford, Hereford, Durham, Gloucester, Chichester, Norwich, Belfast, Southwark, Rochester, Salisbury, and in Westminster Abbey. Also in the following prisons : Clerkenwell, Newgate, Holloway, Brixton, Pentonville, Wandsworth, and Glasgow ; and, from my ten years in Clerkenwell, never feel more at home and never wish to have a more interested set of hearers than when I am in a prison pulpit.

Thrice my sermons have been delivered afloat—on board the *Hydaspes* (P. & O.), in the Bay of

Biscay, when I had to cling hard to the Union-Jack-draped pedestal that served for pulpit ; on board the *Kenilworth Castle* (Union Castle Line), in the same renowned Bay ; and in the Adriatic Sea, on the *Argonaut*, *en route* for the Holy Land, under the auspices of Dr. Lunn. I took part, in my first curacy, in a parochial mission—that at Harrow, as helping my Rector, the Rev. F. M. Cunningham, of Witney. Others have claimed my services, either alone or with another, at Wilmcote, Oxford, Shrivenham, Littlemore, Nottingham, Vauxhall, Southwark, Blackfriars, Hornsey, and Lincoln ; and the first book I published (collaborating with my brother-in-law, Nathaniel Dawes, afterwards Bishop of Rockhampton) was “ Practical Hints on Parochial Missions,” which I find is still in some vogue, and now issued by my present publishers.

The sermons or addresses in a mission, though sometimes amounting to five a day, and frequently forty in a ten days’ mission, may not be the most important or the most exhausting portion of the work compared with dealing with individual souls. But I observe much difference between the general attractiveness of missions twenty or more years ago and at the present time. Then they were novel efforts, unprecedented usually in the

particular parish or place in which they were held ; now they are *connus*, and those they attract are not so much the outsiders and the home heathen as the regular churchgoers, who benefit from what is to them rather a retreat than a mission. I recall a mission in a slummy parish in Nottingham, where we asked the licensees of the superabundant public-houses in the neighbouring poor streets if they would close a little earlier to enable men to come to the mission. "We might as well," they said, "for you have got them already." Now I find and hear that all visitation, invitation, and outdoor exhortation largely fails to attract even the attention of the very class most desired. It is not, however, merely the absence of novelty, nor the vulgarisation of religious exhortation by the street-corner efforts of the Salvation Army (which now are attended mainly, and often solely, by those who are members and officials), nor any increasing deadness to anything religious (evident enough, God knows, in South London even more than in East London, and in cities more than in towns!), that accounts for the change. The SPIRIT bloweth as it listeth, and we should not expect that the manifestation of power in one decade will be exactly the same in the decade that succeeds it.

The nets of the fishers of men require not only washing and mending, but also sometimes to be changed for those of another type.

I was asked once to give for a religious paper some account of my first sermon. I said, though consenting, that it might lead me to recall the story of a preacher who advertised: "Left by mistake in a train, a bag containing sermons, of no possible use to anyone but the owner," and thereby spoke, perhaps, the language of unrealised truth. Yet I have it still by me, and my environment on that occasion I can vividly remember. It was in the tiny village church of Curbridge, architecturally only a bare room, for the hamlet was an outlying post of the grand old parish church of Witney. In the pulpit my head almost touched the ceiling, and was in the stratum of the odour of fustian and early stable-work which the purely agricultural congregation necessarily brought with them. Beneath me was the clerk, a grand old gentleman of nature, a ploughman by occupation, whose efforts at reading alternate verses of the Psalms were not always successful. Even now I can hear him reading in sonorous Oxfordshire dialect: "Loo, we urd of the same at—er—helephants" (Ephrata), "and vound it in the wud." And sometimes I would see a levelled

wand emerge from beneath me and strike the face of a boy whose slumberous head had fallen obtrusively backwards. I suppose that nearly half of the congregation could not read. The choir consisted of a few farm men and boys who "fancied themselves," especially as the rest of the people left to them the singing. Very shortly, however, they took offence at something, and, resigning *en masse*, came next Sunday to witness my discomfiture. But they found that straight-way and henceforth, for the four years of my ministry there, I started and led the hymns, and the congregation woke into the habit of singing instead of being sung to. That abolition of a choir was as good a stroke from the point of view of common choral worship as in other circumstances the establishment of a choir might be. A few small farmers formed our "upper classes," and from one such family two, who as small boys heard my first sermon, are now vicars.

It must have been during the delivery of my second or third sermon here that I noticed two or three people wooed by sleep, "which charms so sweetly 'neath the pulpit's shade"; and, coming out of church, I said to the wife of a farmer (my helper then and after in all good things): "I will never preach a written sermon here again." She

replied that she was glad to hear it; and my youthful inexperience, or modesty, or pride, did not make it quite clear to me whether this was an encouragement or not. But, anyhow, I never saw anyone asleep there again!

It was in this little church that I preached in my first year of ordination, at the "three hours' service" on Good Friday. This was the first instance in the whole rural deanery of the service, which I myself had first attended and learned to appreciate a few years before at SS. Philip and James at Oxford. My rustic friends were not so terrified by what was novel or borrowed from the use of Roman Catholic preachers as were many middle-class Philistines and Puritans at that time, and, though the church only held about eighty, there attended the service for the whole or part of the time some hundred and twenty out of a population of two hundred. Simultaneously, an effort in the same direction was made more cautiously by my rector, the Rev. F. M. Cunningham, and the senior curate, Edgar Jacob (now Bishop of St. Albans), each giving an address in one and the same midday service.

Dear little Curbridge, and dear simple folk therein! I learned, perhaps, more than I taught there—at any rate, to talk in a tongue understood

even by the unlettered, whose vocabulary was said to contain about three hundred words. The dialect had to be learned. One farmer wrote to another, resenting the intrusion of some pigs into his clover. He was not accustomed to such usage, he wrote. But he spelled the five-lettered word "usage" with eight letters, not one of which belonged rightly to the word. Yet the Oxfordshire tongue would quite know what was meant by "yowzitch." A stone-deaf labourer had the dialect in a strong form, both as regards words and pronunciation. He broke his leg, and went into the Workhouse Infirmary. Inquiring how he got on there, he said: "They wos main kaind; but they poorked un." This I discovered to mean that he had been introduced, for the first time, to a hot bath—a thing which only suggested to him the scalding of dead pigs who were to become pork. Even tradesmen kept capital in a home receptacle rather than a bank, and if a Bank of England note were offered, some would be dubious of its value, and say: "Rather have one of Muster Clinch's—we knows 'im—one of them with a ship on"—that is, a note of a local bank, which bore a sheep as distinctive emblem.

Witney blankets were then of traditional make and value. "A mouse should be able to hide

under the nap," was a current saying, and when the Rector's eldest daughter was married (I assisting) to a Keble College tutor called Acland, since well and honourably known in Parliament and as President of the Board of Education, from a Witney mill she received a pair of blankets weighing twenty-eight pounds.

Finding in Witney Church an old chest, the contents of which had apparently never been examined, I overhauled all the documents, and found several matters of interest. How very differently could the history of England be written from a domestic, a social, and an ecclesiastical point of view, if only old parish registers and records had not been carelessly lost or destroyed, or left to moulder away uninspected and unrecorded; still more if parish magazines had come into existence much earlier than they did. It is to be hoped, for the benefit of posterity, that a bound copy of a parish magazine is laid up in the safe, or chest, of every church for future reference.

Any records or entries in the sixteenth century are, of course, rare. The earliest at Witney, I found to be a Churchwardens' Inventory of 1569, chiefly concerned with things used in the "Haule at Wyttsontyde and at ye Bayliffe's feaste." In

1597 some great plague carried off in four months one hundred and forty of the inhabitants—not improbably a tithe of all. In the seventeenth century records became more frequent. The Burial Register shows that Quakers alone had their separate burial-ground, and not until 1704 comes the first notice of Nonconformists other than Quakers, when for a brief for seamen's widows and orphans (perhaps after the great storm of November 26, 1703, in which twelve ships of the Royal Navy were cast away, besides a great number of merchantmen, and fifteen hundred men in the Royal Navy were lost) "Presbyterian meeters" gave £1 18s. 6d.; Quakers, 18s. 4d.; and the Anabaptist meeting, 4s. The same register illustrates the strange expedients by which law came to the aid of a particular industry,—*e.g.* in 1689: "Buried ye honourble Rich<sup>d</sup> Lord Viscount Wenman the 31st, I sent a Note to ye Churchwardens that I understood the Body of sd. Lord wenman was wrapt up in Burying Cloths not made of Sheeps wool only, and they rec<sup>d</sup> two pounds and ten shillings being the forfeiture to the Poor of the Parish according to the Woollen Act."

In 1663 the Vestry decided, *inter alia*, "that Moses Pierson require as his due for digging

coffin graves in church and churchyard, 1s. ; for other graves for young and old 6d." This latter hardly anticipates a Trades' Union rate of wage. The order is interesting as showing that the abomination of burying in anti-sanitary boxes was not then universal. Wheatley, the early commentator on the Prayer-Book, says : " When the body is stript of all but its grave attire, and is just going to be put into the ground, it is most likely to make the deepest impression on us "; and Lord Stowell pointed out in a judgment that in the Burial Office there was a " studied avoidance " of the word " coffin," and that while a parishioner had a naked right of burial, it was not clear that he had a right to bury a large box also.

In two points evidence occurs of the rubrics or by-laws of the Church being more strictly observed in the time of Charles II. than in our days. For example : " Doralissa, daughter of Sir Francis and his Lady Elizabeth Wenman, of Caswell, was born July 16th, and baptized July 21, 1666 "; or " Lorenzo, ye son of Sir Francis Wenman and Elizabeth, his wife, was Borne ye 7th and baptized ye 14th April, 1673." Why, nowadays, most clergy and laity ignore the first rubric before the Order for Private Baptism (which indicates the eighth day after birth as the proper

and usual time for christening) is inexplicable, except on the ground of a general laxity and the depreciation of the Sacrament in the dark, or Georgian, ages.

And the other point of discipline is shown in :  
“March ye 7th, 1660, License was granted unto Launcelot grainger, gent. of Wittney, for his eating of flesh in time of his sickness. Whereas, Launcelot Grainger, gent. of Wittney, aforesaid, is verie sicke, and for his health doth praie to eat such flesh as is alowed in this prohibited time of Lent to bee eaten of persons notoriouslie sicke by ye statute in first yeare of King James I.,—I, William Gillbert, Curate of Wittney, by virtue of ye statutes in ye 5th yeare of Queen Elizabeth and in ye first yeare of King James in that case respectivelie provided, do give License unto ye said Launcelot grainger for ye space of eight dayes if his sickness last soe long after ye date hereof as to eating such flesh as is not repugnant to ye statute made in ye first yeare of King James in wittnesse whereof I have sett my hand ye 2nd day of March, 1660.” That such entries were not very numerous would seem to suggest either that not all were loyal to the laws of the Church, or that they prudently managed that their notorious sickness should not occur in Lent.

Dr. Ralph Brideoake, or Bredock, afterwards Bishop of Chichester, was rector at this time, but very likely usually non-resident. He, however, was the priest summoned to the neighbouring town of Burford for the purpose of moving to confession, confessing, and absolving Mr. Lenthall, Speaker of the Long Parliament, who died September 3, 1662. Following him, Ralph Weckerlin, alias Trumbull (fancy a rector with an alias!), was rector from 1676 to 1708. He is called Trumbull only in 1706.

In 1710 was buried "Thomas Lardner, reported to weigh 24 scores of pounds weight"—*i.e.*, 34 stone! From 1766 the churchwardens turn their attention to "vermin," and pay 2d. a dozen for the destruction of sparrows, 6d. or 1s. each for "poll cattis," 18s. 4d. for fifty-five hedgehogs, while foxes (in the Heythrop country!) were paid for up to 1811. In 1823 the price of sparrows rose to 6d. a dozen. The wages of a labourer were in 1780 £3 10s. to £5 a year, and of a "slatter" £4 10s. to £5 10s., which reminds me that during my curacy the Agricultural Labourers' Union arose, and Mr. Arch visited Witney. I espoused the cause of the farm labourers, whose wage was then 10s. a week, but knew of no other cleric doing so at first nearer than my friend Leigh of

Leamington, now Dean of Hereford. In what leisure time they had, I encouraged these labourers at Curbridge to play cricket, and we did well against other villages, although in one instance the rival team objected to my playing. Why? "You be too lissom for the likes o' we," was the result of their observation of my activity behind the wicket. The traditional annual village feast making rare holiday for the people, there was a danger lest it should be chiefly marked by visits to the two public-houses, named the Merry Horn and (strangely, suggestively, and perhaps uniquely) the Herd of Swine; and so I got up sports and a cricket-match between our eleven and twenty-two others of the village, so that nearly all the lads and men were innocently occupied. I see from a newspaper cutting of that time that we got the twenty-two out for 33 runs, I accounting for five at the wicket, and that then we made 157 for three wickets, my share being 49.

I suppose few people could say with me that I had seen a man put into the stocks judicially. While I was at Witney there was a certain half-witted unemployable called Ephraim Farden, who was frequently before the justices for drunkenness, although every publican should have been ashamed to serve him. Fines he could not pay. Repeated

short imprisonments were of no use. At last a brilliant idea seized the Bench, and they sent into Oxford to borrow an extant portable stocks, and outside the police-station, which adjoins the church, Ephraim sat for some hours with a policeman on guard to keep off derisive and mischievous boys. Whether this treatment effected a cure or not, I am sorry that I cannot remember. This happened between 1870 and 1874.

It was, I think, in 1872, when I came from Witney, where my fellow-curate was the present Bishop of St. Albans, to have a day's fishing at Osney Mill, in Oxford. Lunching there with my friend the miller, biting because the fish did not bite, I remarked on the extreme goodness of the brown bread on his table. "Yes," he said, "that is real bread ; I have it made from the meal as it comes from the first pair of stones, and what most people prefer and buy is the residuum after all the flesh-forming ingredients have been taken away by subsequent processes. Pigs thrive on what ignorant people reject, and suffer by the rejection. Only," he added with a smile, "you must not let everyone know this, since 'by this craft we have our living.' Much of our labour and expensive machinery would not be needed if people ate wholemeal bread." Since then I have never

eaten white bread when I could get anything else ; and if you were at my table, though you would find both kinds provided, I should ask you whether you preferred "bread or whitestuff." The only time when I have had symptoms of indigestion or constipation has been when I have been in an hotel abroad and find only the lightest and whitest bread before me ; and I have cured not a few in various ranks of life who complained of these ailments by inducing them to discard white-stuff. I mention this especially because some people talk of the emasculated flour being more digestible. The white carbon of the interior of the grain, which provides the heat-forming food and nothing else, has five envelopes, of which all but the exterior one give the nitrogenous or flesh-forming food, and only that outside skin or bran is indigestible. But it has an excellent mechanical effect in preventing constipation. As to general nutrition, I have always found that a few slices of wholemeal bread are sufficient for a meal, when with whitestuff one seems to "get no forrader" with a great number of slices. Of course, when one includes in one's dietary meat or other flesh-forming substances, the use of whitestuff is not so starving ; but, unfortunately, the poorest people, who can get the least meat, and have not learned

to use lentils, haricots, or other flesh-forming foods, are just those most prejudiced against any but the whitest bread, and this is one cause of general feebleness of their physique, and possibly of their commonly bad teeth. When for ten years I was chairman of our Newington Workhouse, where we used twenty-six sacks of flour a week, baking for this and our other Poor Law institutions, I always longed to produce wholemeal bread, but knew well that a riot would have been the consequence. However, when for some thirteen years we fed all through the winter half of the year in and from the Crypt of St. Peter's tens of thousands of the school-children of the neighbourhood, we never provided anything but wholemeal bread and wholemeal raisin bread, and it was only a new child that thought at first we were providing anything inferior. This had, I hope, an educative effect. Our London prisons were also, earlier than this, pioneers of bread reform, and if for any reason the doctor desired a prisoner to have whitestuff, eight ounces were given instead of the wholemeal "sixer" made in Coldbath Fields, and thence distributed. In private life I have known some—one friend a country rector, another a Board School head-master, another a masseuse—who found they promoted both health and economy

by having their own little steel hand-mill, buying a sack of corn, and grinding the day's supply before breakfast. The rector told me that he saved the cost of the mill in the first sack of corn. This question of economy leads me to ask why wholemeal, in its many varieties, is no cheaper than the whitestuff which has required more machines and more processes on the part of the miller? There may be a conclusive answer, and, if so, I should like to know it; but am convinced that even if the price of real bread were higher it would be more economical, as well as better, in its use.

From Witney I went to my old love, St. Michael's, Shoreditch, where my friend and spiritual father, the Rev. H. D. Nihill, was now vicar. The history of this parish was remarkable. The population was ten thousand on a quarter of a mile square, and the terrible need and condition of the district had appealed to that saintly doctor, Robert Brett, of Stoke Newington, whose influence with the City merchant Robert Foster, and others, caused several churches to be built in Shoreditch and Haggerston. The beginning was made here by an iron room served by one priest; but in ten years a fine church had been erected (over the little iron church, which

was eventually carried out of the west door); a clergy house (in which four clergy lived, of which I was one); schools; a convent for the Order of the Sisters of the Poor, which Nihill had founded; and a hospital for incurable children at Edgware, as a supplement to their hospital wards in the Shoreditch Convent. These cost £37,000. Seven young men from the congregation became ordained, and from the inhabitants of the exclusively poor parish some became Sisters. In the visitation of smallpox in the summer of 1871, five Sisters did with their own hands every stroke of work for the 387 patients—men, women, and children—who passed through their hands; washed all their clothes and bedding, cooked all their food, dressed their abscesses, nursed and fed those of them that were bed-ridden, went out walking with them wherever they went, helped and amused them from morning to night, fed in the middle of the night those that needed it, never suffered any hired nurse or charwoman to come between themselves and the objects of their care, and never left them for a moment to care for themselves.

The parish was then almost entirely a slum, but new streets and factories have swept these dens away. I found some homes in which I

could not stand upright in the middle of the room (true, I am over six feet), nor sit upright at the side. In others, nine in the one room, and no bed. The work of many was cutting out labels, packing and sending them to the City, and getting a penny per thousand. This sold for ninepence. "Gum costs a great deal," said the seller in answer to my denunciation of his sweating. A halfpenny a thousand was the price for envelope-making, and a woman could earn by ceaseless and rapid work during long hours seven and ninepence a week, if sufficient work was given out. Others made soldiers' trousers at seven farthings a pair if the work were well done. Poor as all were, two things were noticeable :

1. Some had always money for beer, if for nothing else. To one man I gave a pledge not to drink more than a gallon of beer a day, so that there might be more comfort for his young wife and child. He would not hear of total abstinence, which he considered impossible to a stone-mason's labourer ; but I inculcated the desirability of having some measure and rule of life, and asked what was the least he could do with. "Say a gallon." "Done with you," I said, and wrote out this pledge, which he signed and kept. Eventually he became a teetotaller and a church-worker.

With another man, who owned to seven pints before breakfast, I could do nothing. Hence here the children suffered, as still they do, more from the constant tippling of the mothers than from the occasional drunkenness of the fathers. One dying child pathetically said when she knew she could not live here, "There will be food enough now for my brothers." Such difference did one mouth make, and she knew it by experience! When will the noxious starvation of one class be efficaciously met by the voluntary abolition of the still more noxious plethora of another class?

2. Those who desired could always give. At our dedication festival in my first year at St. Michael's there were 901 coppers given in the offertory during the octave; and in the seven years preceding 112,194 coppers were the offerings of the poor in church; while at the opening of the neighbouring church, St. Peter's, Hoxton, £25 collected in coppers was given.

## CHAPTER IV

### HAPPILY IN PRISON

I COME now to write a chapter concerning a decade of special work which is more than a chapter in my life, since "once a gaol chaplain, always a gaol chaplain" seems to be an adage that may be constructed with a reverence for fact. Firstly, because prison work must be so fascinating to everyone who is not the square man in the round hole that, even if a chaplain retires and descends to be an ordinary vicar, surrounded by people of the ordinary type of respectability, "faultily faultless" in their own estimation and "icily regular" in the monotony of their painfully proper existences, his mind is constantly travelling back to the kaleidoscopic (or should it be kakeidoscopic?) variety—the lurid shadows and the barred lights of the prison stage, on which the drama of humanity was acted without masks or paint. Secondly, the adage is true, because the stores of experience which he

perforce has gained are constantly being drawn upon by friends or by strangers, who recognise that one who has seen not only the dark, but also the unveiled, side of humanity will the better be able to advise under circumstances that are to the inquirer strange, unique, even appalling. And, thirdly, I have ever since been connected actively with several societies which have for their object the aiding discharged prisoners to regain a lost position and character.

A few words may here be given to explain the illustration. It is based upon the card of invitation issued by the London School Board when the Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward) opened the fine school reared on the site of Clerkenwell Prison and within its boundary walls. The keynote of the card was struck by a copy of a picture from *Punch* in 1847, which occupied the central medallion at the top, and bore the legend "The Prediction." A prison scowls and exclaims against the loss of business entailed by a neighbouring school, which, with long arms and a smiling face, gathers children in and purposes to cut off the supplies of crime. It was balanced at the bottom of the card by a view of the Hugh Myddelton School, opened on December 13, 1893. This date was chosen as that of the

blowing down of the prison wall by Fenians in 1867, when a large number of persons in the houses outside were killed or wounded. No prisoners escaped or were hurt, owing to Captain Codd, the Governor—and subsequently my father-in-law—having exercised them earlier than usual, owing to information he had received ; but the intention was to allow the Fenian prisoners to escape from the exercise yard. The gap in the wall was shown in the top left-hand of the card ; it may still be traced in the wall of the children's playground. Other contrasts were afforded by the view of a typical prison-cell and of a school class-room, and of the spacious Boys' Hall, in which the Prince presided over the opening ceremony (his only previous visit to the place having been shortly after the outrage in 1867) ; and of the centre of the old prison, with a view down one of its five-tiered galleries of cells, two of which, knocked into one, served as my office. The ground-design of the card represented the leaves and roses which were metaphorically to blossom on the spot where previously " the wicked " were " folden together as thorns."

To this prison, then known as the Middlesex House of Detention, as it was mainly used for prisoners on remand or awaiting trial, I was

appointed, having been chosen out of thirty-six applicants, and there I began my work on November 5, 1876. It did not escape my notice that the Epistle for the week ended with the words: "Praying for me, that I may open my mouth boldly, to make known the mystery of the Gospel, for which I am an ambassador in bonds" (Eph. vi. 18-20).

From April 2, 1878, its name was changed to H.M. Prison, Clerkenwell, in consequence of all local prisons having been taken over by the Government.

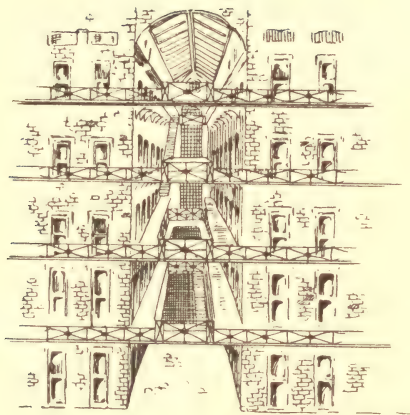
A short record of what earlier prisons had been may here be useful.

In the middle of the eighteenth century the people of England were, perhaps, socially, at their lowest point. It is not only from an ecclesiastical point of view that we might describe the Georgian period as the Dark Ages. The year 1819, when Queen Victoria was born, was for many practical purposes still the middle of the previous century so far as social progress was concerned. England was unknown, save to a very few English people. Not a single railway existed. There was no Penny Post, and most country folk could neither read nor write. Why did no light or leading come from the State? Because at that time it

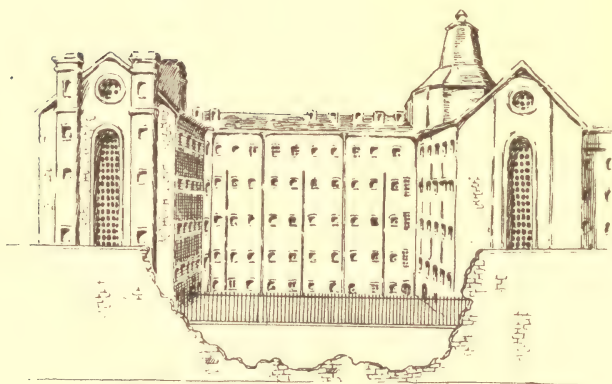
was hopelessly corrupt. Elections were all carried by open bribes or purchase. The Civil Service was full of great men's nominees. Why was the Church not as a leaven to the lump? At that period pluralism was rampant; there was deadness everywhere, save in a few self-styled Evangelical souls, who confused worldliness with any interest in the well-being of society. Those two rivers of fresh thought and action which are represented by the names of Pusey, Keble, and Newman on the one hand, and of Maurice, Kingsley, and Robertson on the other, were then, as movements, tentative, and as streams only in their rill stage, separate, without any apparent chance of swelling to their present dimensions, and with still less indication of approachment and of that partial coalescence of to-day whereby the momentum and the fertilising power of each are mightily increased, and their influence felt in fields through which they do not actually flow.

At this time, with regard to crime and criminals, there was law, but there was little thought of justice, a little less of equity, and none of mercy with regard to the principles of punishment and the right treatment of the offender. It is hard for us to believe that our great-grandfathers had heads or hearts in the face of many things that we

find, not merely in the writings of John Howard, but even fifty years after his death—which occurred in 1790. He had to rouse the nation from its voluntary blindness and pagan apathy, and to show the awful results of having excluded, or not admitted, agencies for moral and religious reform into our gaols, which were then pest-houses of physical and moral evil. His suggestions were many and minute. Few have not been adopted; none were impracticable; and, were he to revisit our prisons to-day, he would find little to condemn, and hardly any advance from a religious, moral, philanthropic, or sanitary point of view of which he might not say, “I recommended that.” Prison Reform began late and proceeded at first with slow steps. Sir Moses Montefiore, who lived to a great age, might have told us in 1885 that he remembered seeing the body of a woman burned in the Old Bailey after her being hanged for passing bad money, and in the year after that sight he might have attended the funeral of John Howard. He was nearly ten when Lord George Gordon died in Newgate of gaol fever (or typhus), which has long been extinct in our prisons. When he had nearly attained his majority, the penalty of death was attached to over one hundred and sixty offences. He was nearly thirty before soldiers



CORRIDORS IN CLERKENWELL PRISON.



CLERKENWELL PRISON AFTER THE FENIAN EXPLOSION.



and sailors were not liable to be hanged if travelling without passes. He was over forty when the police force was instituted, and he saw both the beginning and the end of our system of transportation to what in his lifetime became the Australian Colonies. He could remember there being eighteen prisons in London and five hundred and eighteen in the United Kingdom.

And yet there were witnesses for justice and mercy even before Howard! The oldest book about prisons and prisoners with which I have met is that of Geffray Mynshul, of Gray's Inn, Gent. It was published in 1618, having been written in the King's Bench Prison in Southwark, during the author's imprisonment for debt. In these days of yachting round the world and of running out to Calcutta for a short visit, and when prison mortality is about a third of the general death-rate of England, it is remarkable to read that Mynshul considered his imprisonment "longer than an East Indian voyage, and I am sure farre more dangerous ; for if, from the Indies, of sixty men, twenty come home safe, it is well ; but in this, if eighty of an hundred be not cast overboard, it is a wonder."

Speaking of fraudulent bankrupts, he pens some lines that might well be read, marked,

learned, and inwardly digested in commercial circles in our day : “ The gallows on which the poor theefe hangeth is most fit for thee : hee rob-beth one man, thou whole families. But look to it, that, although thou compound for two or three shillings in the pound, the overplus will damn thee and thy angells ” (the coins of that name) “ with the divell and his angels, and thy issue or allies which shall enjoy them shall never prosper with them.”

And surely the necessity of mercy reigning, even in a place of justice, and discipline being tempered with kindness, has rarely been more beautifully enforced than in the following words : “ A prisoner is a poore, weather-beaten bird, who, having lost the shoare, is driven by tempest to hang upon the sailes and tacklings of a prison ; the jaylor is the saylor, and if hee beate that bird off to sinke her in the seas, when by climbing up to the mainetop, or perhaps by lifting up his hand, hee may take it and lend it heat from his warme bosome, it is an argument that his heart is made of the same rocks that lie in wait to destroy ships in the ocean.”

As there are centenarians amongst us with some memory of their childhood's days, I would give a few dates of matters which are significant

from the point of view of prison reform, all of which occurred in their lifetime. Only in 1814 was the appointment of prison chaplains made compulsory. In 1815 the pillory was abolished, except for forgers. In 1816 Mrs. Fry began her work in Newgate. In 1820 was the last commitment (that of the Cato Street conspirators) to the Tower. In this year 1,236 persons were sentenced to death in England and Wales, whereof 107 were hanged, but only ten of them for murder. The year 1829 saw the last execution for forgery and the establishment of the Metropolitan Police.

Oh, those "good old days"! A letter is before me from a friend and colleague then on the Executive of the Church of England Temperance Society—the Rev. Simon Sturges, of Wargrave—who said: "When I was a boy of twelve years of age" (this was in 1831), "I remember perfectly well a young man of eighteen being hanged for robbing his master. His master kept a china-shop, and he carried out a basket of china in the very early morning and sold it. Every effort was made to save him. His employer was a rich man, and went down in a post-chaise to see the Home Secretary, who was then in the country, but it was of no avail. He wrote a letter to his

fellow-workmen, which I saw, acknowledging the justice of his sentence." He would not find anyone to agree with him now, and probably all that would happen would be that he would be placed under the kindly care and supervision of a Probation Officer, and have a new place found for him.

In 1833, when Victoria, though not yet Queen, was old enough to have heard of it, a child of nine years old was sentenced to be hanged for poking a stick through a window and stealing paint valued at twopence-halfpenny. Of course the criminal was reprieved "by the gracious mercy of the Sovereign," but that such a sentence should be in accordance with, and thought to be necessitated by, the law at that time shows that what the law enacts and upholds is not always just. In 1837 the pillory was abolished, and the first reformatory (a significant word for that time) was opened at Parkhurst. In 1838 lashes to the number of 158,000 were inflicted in the convict settlements of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land. Up to 1840 no diet but bread and water was provided in St. Albans Gaol. But reform was in the air, and the year of my birth, 1845, synchronises with the first international Prison Reform Congress, which

was held at Frankfort. Thenceforward progress was made in many ways, and by the beginning of the twentieth century, having then had considerable experience as to workhouses as well as prisons, I found reason to say that there was more need for workhouse than for prison reform. Earlier, I tried to persuade an old dame, frequently incarcerated for minor offences, to end her days in a workhouse rather than in prison. "Excuse me, sir," she said, "have you tried both places? No? Well, I have, and I know where I am best off." Yet even so late as 1898 I enumerated certain desirable reforms which seemed called for both by mercy and by justice. These were :

1. "More classification of prisoners, and more variety in their treatment. The worst criminals are not punished with sufficient severity, while some, especially first offenders, are subjected to unnecessary degradation." This was a desideratum at that time, but since then, of course, much has been done by the First Offenders Act, the Probation Acts, and by successive Home Secretaries, to improve matters as regards the young, and to some tentative extent to protect society from inveterate offenders by the principle of the indeterminate sentence. The star class, the

Borstal system, the second division, and so forth, have all begun since I wrote as above. We are cutting off the supplies of crime by child-saving work ; we are purifying recently polluted tributaries by what we do for juvenile offenders ; but we still fail to prevent the utterly poisonous stream of inveterate crime from being a nuisance and a source of infection. Prisons as they were, perhaps to some extent as they are, help to make the recidivist ; and the recidivist prematurely, and therefore unscientifically and injuriously released, inclines and aids a rising generation to become criminal.

2. " The prohibition of imprisonment of children under sixteen, save in reformatories or special houses of detention." This is now achieved, but I wrote with the remembrance that in my Chaplain's Report of 1878 I had written : " In noticing that 110 prisoners here have been under the age of twelve years, I must express my great regret that no definite rules exist with regard to the safe custody of children accused of, or involved in, crime. Obviously, nothing can be said in favour of a boy of six years being remanded here and kept in silent and solitary confinement on a charge of vagrancy, nor of a girl of seven being sent here for running an errand for her mother

with a bad fourpenny-bit, both of which instances have occurred here lately." I kept pegging away at this, though a prison chaplain's report did not then even advance to the honour of burial in a Blue Book ; and I remember a prison inspector seeing one of my first reports, and saying : " It is very good of you to take all this trouble, but you don't suppose anyone will read it ? "

3. " A progressive system of sentences for repeated offences." Little or nothing has been done in this direction, and the value of the article stolen, rather than the indication of an inveterate habit of preying upon the community, has generally suggested the length of a sentence. That a month, for example, should be the maximum for drunken and disorderly conduct is both futile and harmful. I know of nine separate imprisonments of a month being given to the same person in a year, and in another case a woman had three imprisonments of three days each in one week. This sounds incredible, but as the day of discharge and the day of apprehension count as a whole day, a woman released at 9 a.m., drunk at 12, and sentenced at 2 p.m., would find that day count legally for two, and so three apprehensions counted for nine days. Another instance is known to me in which an artisan paid five fines in four

weeks for his wife, who had been in prison innumerable times during eight years. On the next occasion of his being summoned from his work to pay her fine, he found he was  $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. short in the amount. "Oh, never mind," said the inspector, "as you're a regular customer. She'll be in again to-morrow!" And my friend, the Rev. G. P. Merrick, then Chaplain of Tothill Fields, told me of one of his charges who had not been a week out of prison for the last two years, and in seven years had been charged 273 times, while her husband had paid fines in lieu of imprisonment to the amount of £180. Yet the absurdity and extravagance of repeated fines and short terms still goes on!

4. "The encouragement of voluntary work in prisons and of visits from outside, not only after the fashion of Elizabeth Fry, but by the delivery of lectures and the holding of classes on moral and social subjects." This has been achieved, and is admittedly beneficent, but it was unknown when I wrote.

5. I do not think that matters have at all improved in respect to the fifth point I urged. It has been discussed, and that is all. But I repeat that one way of diminishing crime is to be found in "the censorship of the press in the

matter of the unnecessary and corrupting details of divorce proceedings, of suicides, and of inducements to betting." Editors cannot without cant claim to be the moral prophets of the age while they keep a sporting prophet, and while admittedly in bondage to advertisers and the lowest classes of their readers. Some crime is State-caused ; much is Paper-caused.

6. " The curtailment or abolition of the rights of evil parents to wrong their children by claiming their return home on discharge from industrial schools or reformatories." Much was done by the Poor Law Act of 1889, whereby Poor Law guardians can take to themselves the right of parentage until their wards are sixteen if a boy, or eighteen if a girl. But the age should be raised to twenty-one, and children not under the Poor Law should have equal protection.

7. " In every county a refuge and testing-place for males and females on their discharge from long sentences." Many are no more fit for liberty than a hothouse plant is fit to be planted out in the open air. A hardening-off place is necessary for both. The plan was tried in our fathers' time under Sir Walter Crofton in Ireland, in our own time for female convicts at Winchester ; but these experiments ceased, and now nothing is done

save by the work of private homes and labour yards established by religious bodies, and this is only available when the person is entirely at liberty.

8. And another desideratum which I was constantly advising was "the shepherding of ex-prisoners on discharge." Since I wrote, every prison, and not merely some prisons, has its Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society. I preached in York Minster on the occasion of the establishment of one which should remove the stigma of York being the only prison not thus furnished. There are also new associations for looking after juvenile-adult prisoners when on parole or free; but much more must be done, and more individuals must give in this way the personal service which is the lesson of the Incarnation.

9. And, lastly, how little has been done by the State for the large class of inebriates, and how badly is that little done. For the comparatively rich voluntary effort may be sufficient, but for the poor, especially if men, practically nothing is done. Recent law is futile because there is not sufficient power of compulsion, and because the State, instead of establishing model Retreats or Houses of Detention for narcomaniacs (this word must be used, since many of the worst cases do

not drink alcohol or other poisoning fluids, but eat opium or inject morphia, and therefore dipsomania is an insufficient term), left their establishment to counties who might or might not do something, and generally did not. I wrote in 1887 about a typical case: "A clergyman writes about a man under my care charged with loitering, and therefore in a category which some might say had nothing to do with drinking. But the basis of the charge was that at 6 a.m. he went to four or five suburban villas pretending to be ill, and getting spirits for his complaint at each. His vicar writes that he is a dipsomaniac and has terrible fits of craving. His children are bright and charming, his wife a superior woman, sadly troubled and straitened by his habits. Can't he be placed in some home?" Would that he could! But where are the homes to which poor men, or men that have impoverished themselves and their relations, can go? Answer: In sensible countries like America and some of our colonies, but not in England. If you can pay three guineas a week at least, you have a choice of private establishments in which to loaf and grumble; if you haven't, the asylum says you are not mad, the prison says you are not a criminal, the hospital says you are not ill, the workhouse says you are not a pauper;

and so, though you are all four in a measure, you remain at home to be a curse and a shame to your friends. In America they could get rid of (for his and their benefit equally) one who is "only a dipsomaniac," as readily as they could one who is only a homicidal maniac.

Reform, however, will never be what it should be, until it is well known and remembered by legislators, administrators, and reformers, that the reasons for punishment are fourfold—namely, (1) the loss or pain or shame of the offender as a matter of personal punition. (2) The deterrent effect of punition, whether upon the peccant individual, in view of a fresh temptation to wrongdoing, or upon others who are inclined to commit an offence, but may find the fear of known consequences overcome that inclination. (3) The reformation of the offender, which is to be in almost every case hoped for as probable, or looked upon as possible, whereby he may be restored to the society he has injured, useful instead of noxious. (4) The protection of the family, the community, or the State from the harm the evildoer will or may inflict while in the same state of disposition which induced his crime. Difficult, doubtless, to keep all these four principles in view, to harmonise them, and to give to each its due place and weight.

I do not remember to have found a code or a book which achieved this. To our forefathers punishment and deterrence were the only thoughts. Then slowly the object of reformation came in, and persons were appointed and agencies encouraged for this purpose. But hardly yet have we any idea that justice requires the protection of society. The offender serves his sentence and out he goes, perhaps boasting of his intention again to prey upon others. This is as if all mad dogs were muzzled for two days and then all unmuzzled, because it had been found that in that period a certain proportion ceased to be dangerous, or as if all smallpox patients were discharged from hospital so many weeks after reception, whether cured or not. The system of ticket-of-leave plus reporting periodically to the police, and partially our recent probation officers' functions, and to a limited and even maimed extent our half-hearted experiment of the detention of inveterate offenders, are in this direction ; but more requires to be done, and in its spirit, though not as to its letter, we require to act on the epigram of Sir Robert Anderson : " Half of those in prison ought not to be there, and the other half ought not to be let out." The last generation has seen much done to carry out what the first half of the maxim means ;

the latter half, however, has not received that synchronous attention which it deserves.

I must not be betrayed into a too lengthy prison chapter, and therefore will only now ask, Is crime reducible? and answer in the affirmative by indicating the chief directions in which means of reduction are to be sought. These are three: The alteration of that early environment which inclines to crime; the amelioration of the habit of intemperance, which is ever the chief cause of our prisons being full; and, above all, where it may be achieved, the expulsive force of a new and higher affection.

Is crime reducible? None would desire the answer to be in the negative. None but the pessimist or the determinist have denied or despaired of the possibility. A school of Continental writers would have us believe that the statistics of births, marriages, suicide, and crime generally show such a regularity as to serve as a formidable weapon to destroy our belief in the reality of independent human actions, and to demonstrate that the same laws exist in the moral as in the physical world, and that the average amount of crime, like the average heat or rainfall, will be the same year after year. "Collective determinism in demographic phenomena" is a

pet theory of Morselli, a painstaking writer on suicide ; and Herzen lays down that only as much as chance exists in the universal macrocosm does freewill exist in the microcosm of man. Recognising, as a Darwinist—or, rather, a believer in Darwin, which is not quite the same thing—the tremendous force of heredity, and still more of environment, my prison experience, and that gathered from many years of parochial work in the poorest parts of London, causes me not only to deny that these are the only moulding forces of life, but even thankfully to wonder at their feebleness when confronted with the other forces of freewill and of grace. Children who are “born damned” by no means inevitably either live damned or die damned, and I have not infrequently revelled in the whiteness and fragrance of some human lily which sprang from a dunghill. Environment, especially early environment, is undoubtedly a potent force ; but environment remains not always constant, and can be changed for the better. The Rev. Dr. Morrison, in his volume on the juvenile offender, rightly points out that, to an amelioration of the adverse conditions of life among large sections of the juvenile population, we must look for a mitigation of the problem of juvenile crime. Allow styes to be

dirty, and your little pigs cannot be clean. This thought made me earnest in the matter of Housing Reform, and has kept me militant for twenty-one years on the Public Health Committee of Borough Councils. Bad landlords, whether of village hovels or city slums, are very largely responsible for crime. It is the sty which fouls the human pig before the pig fouls the sty. And this, whether we regard the evil or its antidote in better housing and in child-saving work of all kinds, is especially noticeable amongst the young. Slums stunt, and the stunted steal. The first period is that of truancy and vagrancy—a disposition to revert to the nomadic stage of civilisation. The next step in the evolution of an anti-social life is rebellion against society's arrangements as to property. The third stage, reached in the critical period between boyhood and youth, produces the offender against the person. As a Walworth *gamin* would express it, vividly, concisely, and truthfully: "First you hops the wag, then you nicks, and then you bashes the copper"—*i.e.*, truancy is succeeded by dishonesty, and that by violence.

Secondly, crime is reducible by a national or personal amelioration of habits, and chiefly in the habit of intemperance. Association does not necessarily produce unity of sentiment, else the

result of Clerkenwell on me would be that my definition of happiness would be Beer; of Bliss, more Beer; and of Ecstasy, a little Spirits to top up with. When interviewed by Mr. W. T. Stead on my release from prison, I coined the phrase, "Crime is Condensed Beer," in which, with of course some exaggeration, there is lamentable truth. This was years before brewers, alarmed at the progress of temperance and at the revolt of their slaves in tied-houses, popularised in the music-halls the utterly degrading ditty, "Up with the sale of it, down with a pail of it—Glorious Beer," and (as I had personal experience) sent their employés to annoy, and, if possible, to break up Temperance meetings with the yelling of this brutalising creed of belly-worship. I found, in my decade of prison work, that it was not the depressing fogs of autumn, nor the physical excitement of spring, nor the winter's depression of trade amongst many forms of labour, that filled our cells. No; crime was æstival. Summer filled the prison. Why? Largely because the days being longer, there seemed more time for drink; the days being hotter, there was more natural thirst (though, of course, the thirst of the tippler is not natural); and, employment being better, there was more money for drink. Yet

some sense of folly caused the intemperate to be most temperate in the description they gave of their usual quota. A man speaks only of his "arf-pint," a woman of her "few drops"; although, when I found it salutary to lead my friends to define the palliative phrases that they used, they admitted (to quote cases from my note-book) that "had sufficient" meant seven glasses, "a few glasses" meant twelve, "one or two drops" was eight half-pints, "a little" was six glasses of rum, besides beer, before noon; and "had a drop" became, on inquiry, "somewheres about three or four gallons." I have, however, reached so many by voice and pen during the last thirty-five years on the subject of intemperance that I must not enlarge upon this subject. Here a reduction in the number of licensed temptations, there a reduction in the hours of sale (especially on Saturday nights), there a higher tax on spirits, has already decreased crime. If we could apply all these simultaneously to England, we should soon find some prison chaplains say: "We're all pledged out, and we've got no work to do!"

Thirdly—and in particular instances chiefly—there is the expulsive force of a new affection, whether the adoption of a hobby, the influence of well-grounded admiration or pure love, or the con-

viction of sin and consequent conversion. When Morselli asks, "How is it possible that theoretical exhortations of moralists can suffice to arrest at the last moment the man whom despair" (but it is not always despair) "urges to turn against himself the homicidal weapon?" I simply answer from my own knowledge (and I had to do with an annual average of three hundred who had attempted suicide), "You doubt if it is possible: I know it is an actual fact." When Morselli claims that "to science alone will belong in future the functions of regulator and moderator of public morals," we smile at the audacity of his partial knowledge. In this connection, at any rate, a science that knows nothing of the *scientia scientiarum*—the knowledge of GOD, and from GOD of what is in man, and of what GOD does for man by man—is not science, but sciolism. The materialist has his function and a world of his own, in which he may achieve some victories; but it is not the prison-world, nor has he any gospel for those who for him, but not for our Master, remain the out-cast and the lost. He knows but the crucible and the scalpel; we know the cradle of Bethlehem, the Cross of Calvary, the empty tomb, the descent at Pentecost, the perpetual Intercession, and the abiding Presence of Emmanuel. It is just in

the prison and the penitentiary that materialism would do most harm. It is from the prison and the penitentiary that the strongest refutations come of the materialist belief in heredity and environment as being irresistible or as the only considerable forces. "*Ecclesiam expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurret.*"

I may quote from a letter received from one who was a convicted prisoner in Clerkenwell : " I fear you are so often disappointed with the future of many that pass under your care, that it may be encouraging to you in your too often thankless office to know that one at least of your enforced parishioners has been able, with GOD's help, to resume his place in respectable society. . . . I often wonder if prison chaplains attach sufficient importance to their mission as the civilising influence of the place. Palpable fruit, in the way of criminals reclaimed and actually restored to the service of good, may very seldom crown your labours ; but I can imagine that a body of criminals deprived of the humanising influence of books, common prayer and praise, and the daily meeting in chapel to contemplate the standard of goodness held up to them, would very soon degenerate into a class of men much more depraved than at the present. The contemplation may be enforced

and the standard sneered at, but the everlasting dripping of water will take the rough surface off the hardest stone. I do not believe society is at all aware of the extent to which it is indebted to the influence in question." *Nota bene*, that this letter was (1) unexpected; (2) written a year after release; and (3) came from one who had asked for no favour or help—three points which increase the value of the testimony.

I have constantly proclaimed that to preach temperance, soberness, and chastity, while we do nothing personally to remedy or to remove the conditions in which many of those live to whom we preach, is a canting absurdity.

I have so frequently been asked as to my views on capital punishment that I may here recall what I wrote in my "Jottings from Jail" (a book long out of print), especially as, after the lapse of more than twenty years, I see no reason to alter what I said. All the murderers in Middlesex and Surrey came under my care until convicted, and very various they were. For some, one had almost sympathy, so great was the aggravation they had received before their passionate act; others, one could almost, so to speak, have hung with one's own hands. Two instances will illustrate my meaning, and also demonstrate, what

I have often pointed out, the absurdity of our not legally establishing degrees as to the guilt of murder. Here was a wife exasperated by an utterly bad husband, who finally announced to her his intention of committing adultery with a young girl, her niece. She seized his pistol and shot him. If she had told the Court what she told the chaplain her punishment would have probably been light, and abroad she would have been fêted. But her solicitor persuaded her to set up the defence that her husband committed suicide. This was proved to be absurd, and she was sentenced to be hanged, although penal servitude was her final lot. The other was a case of a doctor with a special knowledge of a poison rarely used, with which he slew an invalid boy, a relative, under the guise of friendship, in order that he might gain some £250 by his death. I remember speaking of the case to my friend Mr. Moncure Conway, the well-known writer and Deist lecturer at South Place Chapel. He said: "He's an American, and I'm an American; and I am opposed to capital punishment; but I would hang him: he is a rattlesnake that must be stamped upon." Yet the sentence uttered to both these prisoners was couched in exactly the same terms.

What I wrote (based largely on the old, in-

genious, and humane essay of the Marquis Beccaria, of Milan, with which a commentary by Voltaire is commonly bound up) was as follows : "On the subject of capital punishment Beccaria has much to say. 'What right,' he asks, 'have men to cut the throats of their fellow-creatures?' The right of self-defence, I presume, which may authorise a State to amputate a limb it considers so hopelessly corrupt as to be a standing source of danger to the rest of the body, to say nothing of the desire to deter some from similar deeds. 'Capital punishment,' he says, 'is a war of a whole nation against a citizen.' True ; and if war is admitted to be justifiable under certain conditions, such a war cannot be declared to be never necessary nor useful. He thinks penal servitude for life, 'in sight of his fellow-citizens,' would be a greater deterrent to an intending assassin. Possibly ; but criminals are not exposed to the public view, and if they were, compassion, more than abhorrence or fear, would be excited, especially when the offender had outlived the memory of the offence or suffered the punishment far from any who knew him or the details of his crime. Again, he thinks it absurd that 'the laws, in order to prevent murder, should publicly commit murder themselves.' This is obviously a rhe-

torical epigram, the falsity of which the definition of the terms used would at once demonstrate. Would he consider it equally absurd for an act of petty larceny to be punished by a fine, the law taking away a man's property because he had taken the property of others? Voltaire, in his comments, takes the line that 'a man, after he is hanged, is good for nothing, and that punishment ought to be useful to society.' But this is begging the question, as a dead crow is useful as a scarecrow, and many a man good for nothing in his life has, by the lurid light of a miserable end, become good for something, and it is more impossible to demonstrate that capital punishment is no deterrent to vice and passion than it is to show that it does so act. Those who have by their position and work intimate relations with the criminal class commonly believe that the existence of such punishment does act as a deterrent, however much they regret or object to it on other grounds. Voltaire, however, makes one excellent observation: 'The sword of justice is in our hands, but we ought rather to blunt than to sharpen its edge.'

"This seems to point to the desirability, not of the insanity of thinking all murderers insane, on arguments which would apply to all crime ('All

punishment is wicked,' said a 'Humanitarian' once to me), nor of the French fashion of finding extenuating circumstances on the most attenuated grounds ; but of establishing degrees of guilt, and therefore of punishment, in the matter of murder. John Stuart Mill declared for capital punishment *if* the crime had been conclusively proved ; *if* no palliation of the offence were possible ; *if* the crime were not exceptional, but the result of the ordinary disposition of the criminal ; and *if* there were no hope of future worthiness to be found in that bad citizen—say Bill Sikes. But these limitations obviously exclude the great majority of cases which would then fall back into "murder in the second degree," which need not be met by the solemn blotting out of the offender from the list of citizens by a judicial death. Plainly, there is a difference between the guilt of a wholesale poisoner who commits his crime coolly and for gain and that of one who deals an unlucky blow after aggravation, which, had it fallen an inch to the right or left, might have been legally only an assault or wounding, to be punished by but a few months' imprisonment. Does anyone imagine that a Bill providing for the classification of murders would be difficult either to draw or to pass ?"

One common hindrance, however, to the entrance of a saving faith is the presence of certain perversions of religion popular among the populace. What a curious dualistic idea was conveyed in the attempted excuse : " The Devil was stronger than the LORD, and made me take them " ! What a union of presumption and fatalism in : " GOD won't call me before I get a turn " ! And what do we find at the bottom of the common expression, which transcends the ignorance or impudence of Cain, " We're none of us our own keepers," as a justification for wrongdoing? Very instructive, too, was the remark of a Jewish solicitor (a prisoner) for whom I was requested to find a Hebrew Bible, as he had to take an oath. On going to his cell with one, I met him coming out with an ordinary Bible under his arm. " You had better take this," said I, " as it is only the Old Testament." " Thank you, sir," he answered, " it's of no consequence ; I only kiss my side of the book." (Exactly what many do who count instead of weighing texts, and look only on one doctrine or one aspect of a truth, whereby what might remain but a pious opinion or an allowable fancy becomes speedily a heresy and the occasion of strife and of schism.) Wise men, however, may learn from fools, and valuables are sometimes

found on a dustheap. It was Charles Peace, the liar, the burglar, the murderer, who put a truth effectively before me when he said in my first interview with him : " If a minister really believed in his work, it would pay him not merely to go a Sabbath day's journey to preach, but to go there on his hands and knees over broken bottles." I have heard the same thought not so adhesively put by Bishops and conductors of spiritual retreats.

I would here add that it is a pity that reporters always take notice of the statements of ex-prisoners that they have been hounded down by the police and have lost situations through their interference. I have frequently heard these statements and frequently examined them (down to this present year), but I never found one to be true. The story is usually quite baseless ; but where work has been lost it has usually been by the man himself opening his mouth. The only well-founded complaint that I have met with was from a woman on ticket-of-leave, who had been requested to change her lodgings, as a detective told her landlord (who was a friend of his) that he knew the woman he saw entering the house. I helped her a little in consequence, and later she wrote : " I have been in my situation for twelve months, and have never had anyone from Scotland Yard but once—about

nine months ago—and no one would ever have known who the person was, even if they had seen her.” But “anything for copy” is the motto of many reporters, so that we get the foolish utterances of public men rather than their wise ones reported, and “scenes” rather than beneficent “business done.”

## CHAPTER V

### CLERKENWELL CHARACTERS

ONE duty of a prison chaplain or visitor should be to create or sustain more interest in, and sympathy for, the large but often forgotten or despised or execrated class of our brethren, and to suggest ways in which all, in their several stations, should feel their responsibility for the existence of crime and sin, and, consequently, their duty to labour for its prevention or removal. One frequently hears quoted with approval a story to the effect that John Bradford, a pious Puritan, on seeing a condemned criminal on his way from Clerkenwell (then the new prison) to Tyburn Tree, exclaimed : "There, but for the grace of GOD, goes John Bradford." Many do not even reach that level of self-knowledge ; but a better utterance would have been : "There goes one for whose state I am partly responsible." Robertson of Brighton had a healthier view when he said : "I cannot hear of evil without thinking I may have

had a finger in the pie." Our first thought should be, "Thou art my brother, and I am bound to help thee"; and the next, "Am I free from thy blood?" One result, at any rate, of my prison work remains, in that I have called into being an earnest band of some hundreds who have pledged themselves to remember daily in prayer the needs of prisoners. I founded this Guild of SS. Paul and Silas in May, 1881, and remain still its Warden, the present Hon. Secretary being the Rev. S. P. Statham, Chaplain of Parkhurst Prison.

After I had been for some years Chaplain of the Clerkenwell Prison, I demonstrated to the Prison Commissioners that the work really required the services of an assistant chaplain, not in the least to relieve me, but that work might be done—especially in pastoral visitation—which must otherwise be left undone.

I proved my point, but hardly gained it, for the assistant chaplain, given at length, was also to be Chaplain of Newgate Prison, and his duties there, when it was temporarily filled for the sittings of the Central Criminal Court, took him entirely away from us. As one Christmas Day approached, I found there would be only a single prisoner in Newgate on that day, and therefore I said:

"Don't trouble to come up from Beckenham"

—where he lived—“I will run down after our morning service and take your place there, returning for our afternoon service at Clerkenwell.” He was glad to be spared the journey and the absence from his home on Christmas Day, and so it was arranged.

Now, Christmas Day in prison is not an exhilarating or comforting thing at the best. The diet is simply that of the day of the week on which it happens to fall. The absence of ordinary work and of the stir of exits and entrances make it all the more monotonous; and the only possible brightness comes from the services in chapel, which, of course, I made as bright as could be, and added a supplemental service of carols and anthems sweetly sung by some clergy and others whom I got most kindly to give up some of their time each Christmas to come and sing to us. Then I used to remind my congregation that, if they had had better Christmas Days in the past, many, if not most of them, would admit that they had also known those which would leave worse effects behind, and that if they felt obliged to those friends for their efforts to bring some variety and brightness into the monotony and dulness of their day, they might effectually and best show their gratitude by promising them

that, by GOD's help, they would not meet them in prison next Christmas. These words evoked many a grin and many a deep murmur of assent, and let us hope that the resolutions then formed in many a heart brought forth fruit hereafter.

But as to my going on to Newgate. There was only one prisoner there, but that was no reason for his being deprived of anything the Church might offer or give him, and so the service was held, with him and two or three warders as the congregation.

Why only one prisoner? Because when the sessions were over prisoners were sent to the places in which their sentences were to be served or begun, and the prison was empty until just before the next sessions. But why had he not gone with the rest? Because he was waiting to be hanged for the murder of his wife!

This was a congregation of a unique kind, no doubt. A quiet, well-behaved man he was, I remember, who had been aggravated by a bad wife, and at last had lost his temper and dealt a blow that was fatal, though, perhaps, not meant to be so. Penitent he was, and to the mercy of GOD he could be confidently commended.

It was not easy, perhaps few things could be harder, than to combine in a short sermon the

Christmas evangel and some preparation for the impending execution. What exactly I said I cannot remember, but I think I took for my text the words, "They began to be merry," with which the story of the prodigal, but repentant, son ends. The merriment of the world would soon be filling the prison again with those who would plead that they had been "keeping" Christmas, while, in fact, they had lost and destroyed it; but the merriment that can last, the desire of the good GOD for His children, comes only from two sources—a good conscience or a true repentance. Might he not gain the latter of these, and so look back from elsewhere upon the weird circumstances of this particular Christmas Day with the thankfulness of the pardoned?

The adage "Murder will out" is by no means universally true. Very shortly after my coming to Walworth, St. Peter's Church was crammed as it had never been for many years, if at all, for a funeral service was held over the body of Miss Camp, a barmaid in East Street, who was brutally murdered in a suburban railway carriage in February, 1897. There has never been any trace or clue to lead to the discovery of the murderer.

And in another case I remember being as-

tonished that the circumstantial evidence was not considered enough to convict a Pimlico woman of murdering a child. It cropped up in several places and in several ways, some of which were remarkably out of the way. She was acquitted, and the case has gone into the long list of as yet undiscovered murders, although all of us who had her under our notice in prison felt that, whatever might be the case with regard to the present charge, she was just the person who would commit a murder.

But certainly murder does come out in curious ways sometimes, and after a remarkable lapse of time. Occasionally the criminal, who has acted secretly, and done many clever things to conceal the fact of murder or of his personal guilt, does simultaneously, or shortly afterwards, something that everyone would think he would have seen must cause his detection. Said a doctor to me once: "If I had been guilty, do you think I should have been such a fool as to come back from the Continent and give myself up at Scotland Yard, courting inquiry?" I prudently answered: "I know nothing, of course, as to your guilt or innocence, but your argument is not conclusive. A knave is very commonly a fool also, from his own point of view." He was hanged, and,

though only just before his execution, confessed his guilt. It is sharpness that discovers a clue, but it is flatness that leaves it to be discovered. Frequently in fiction, rarely in fact, a murder comes out by the remorse or penitence of the offender. A brutal crime is described with highly unnecessary detail, and still less necessary exaggerated or invented rumours by the newspapers. The morbid excitement of the classes that read little beyond the betting forecasts and the police news is aroused, and then some who have been drinking are pretty sure to accuse themselves of the crime that has filled their minds. Sometimes, however, the self-accusation is true, especially when there is no *vinum* to account for what is put forward as *veritas*. One such instance was that of J. G., an elderly man, who came under my care in prison in this way : About nineteen years previously he had been in a country gaol for some offence, and on his discharge had broken into a house and killed (probably to prevent her giving an alarm) an old lady who lived by herself. No clue was left, so the crime had long ago been forgotten. He fled to London, and had ever since lived and worked there as a labourer, unmarried, and not caring to make any friends. The East End is an excellent

place for hiding, and a crowd conceals its component parts. But he could not escape from the memory of the deed, and at last the burden became so intolerable that he gave himself up to the police. Inquiries revealed that certainly a murder was committed nineteen years ago at the place he mentioned, but it proved very hard to find anyone who could identify him. An old retired prison officer, however, was able to do so, and he was sentenced to death, although, from consideration of the circumstances, the sentence was commuted to penal servitude for life. He by no means sought death, but yet, as he told me, he could not bear life with this continual burden of guilt. Others I have known to give themselves up because they felt sure that soon their guilt would be discovered. This man, however, was practically certain that murder would never out in his case, and yet he was irresistibly compelled to make a clean breast of it. In one case I received a confession as a priest of a murder committed by one who had been under me in prison, pleading not guilty, and acquitted at the Old Bailey. In this case one could only urge to deeper contrition and the acceptance of penance, since no one pronounced not guilty after trial can be tried again for the same offence.

It was observation in Clerkenwell, and not merely a recollection of an event on Calvary, that prompted my writing thus on the penitent thief :

*Dismas.* I own Thee LORD ! What though that name condemn

Each miry drop of my fast-ebbing life ;  
A thief, a brawler—nay, a murderer,  
Who vied the earthly way of brutes, yet learned not  
Their dumb evangel of a Maker's love,  
Their LORD and mine, I worship Thee. What though  
That white flesh glimmers through the deepening gloom  
Which veils the ruddy streak, the purple wound,  
Seeming scarce human in disfigurement ;  
What though Barabbas, my old chief and lord,  
Seems freer, nobler, than Thou art to-day—  
Bound and despised, Thou art my only LORD.  
See, I have learned of Thee to love all men. •

*(He turns his head to Gesmas.)*

O Gesmas, thou with me didst rob the rich ;  
Here hangs One rich in mercy, offering  
Full store to thee and me : one word, one look,  
This poor Man will enrich thee for all time.  
The thinkers of the age who patronised  
Would teach me now to mock the Carpenter  
Who dreamed that He was GOD—my LORD, my GOD,  
Remember me. Strange braveness in my word !  
With all my life of crime I dare to say  
Remember me ! Should any else but Thou  
Remember it before the Judge's Throne,  
No help for me. A life's confession here  
And prayer for pardon summed in briefest words.  
Remember me. If in Gehenna's flame

I find the home I made, Thy lightest thought  
Would thrill my soul, and make a heaven of hell.  
LORD, as Thou wilt, and when Thou wilt : Thy throne  
May be this cross, or set but after lapse  
Of countless years, I care not, so but Thou,  
Coming as King of Kings and Lord of Lords,  
Wouldst in Thy glory yet remember me.

*Christus.* My last-born son, I will remember thee.  
Nay, more than ever prayer or thought doth ask  
I will bestow ; this is the way of GOD.  
In truth—and I the very Truth do speak—  
No future boon is thine ; to-day, My son,  
No lingering death, no agony of doubt,  
No past-begotten demon of despair—  
To-day in death shalt thou begin to live.  
And hast thou humbly asked the lowest room ?  
Friend, go up higher, and be first of men  
To know the ecstasies of Paradise.  
Remembrance dost thou crave ? With Me, My son,  
Never dissociate shalt thou be for aye.  
*(Time passes. Christ dies.)*

*Dismas.* Satan avaunt ! My LORD, I thank Thee still,  
Though closed Thine eyes and deaf Thine ears men deem :  
So swift upon confession followed shrift  
That I had well-nigh doubted, had not this  
My penance followed. I have seen Thee die,  
But yet I know that my Redeemer lives ;  
Thanks will I give Thee for the woe I felt  
When Thy loud cry brought back the light of day  
That all might see Thee die. My faith, thus tried,  
Deeper and higher spreads ; with Thee I cry  
“ Into Thy Hands,” adding—Thou hadst no need—  
“ For Thou hast saved me, O Thou Lord of Life.”

## CHAPTER VI

### WOOLWICH WORK

WHILE still happily and usefully at work for the Waifs' Society, the living of Holy Trinity, Woolwich, was offered to me by the Rector of Woolwich, now Canon Scott, Rector and Rural Dean of Havant. I did not know of its being vacant, nor did I see clear reasons why I should or why I should not accept; but on consulting my friends, the present Archbishop of Canterbury and the late Bishop Billing, on their advice I went there. The church itself was no attraction. It was a white brick and inferior stucco quasi-Greek structure, suggestive externally of two stories of a Lancashire mill, erected in 1833 by a company as a proprietary chapel, in which the Rev. Capel Molyneux was "run" as a popular preacher for the profit to be derived from pew-letting before he left the Church as disbelieving her doctrines. It was not even consecrated for twenty years, though local tradition has it that it received a

kind of dedication by the chairman of the company embracing the large cross which crowns the pepper-box tower with one arm, while with the other he drank a bottle of port to the success of the undertaking! This may be a fable, but it is by no means inconsistent with "Old Woolwichers'" instincts and habits.

With its excellent position just outside the main gate of the Arsenal, one of three through which some 16,000 men trooped out thrice a day, the congregation was more composed of Arsenal officials and employees than of parishioners, and, therefore, of a higher level of intelligence than any to whom I had to minister before or since. They were mostly Tories, and not a few licensed victuallers and their families, but we got on very well together, and the bonds of affection still remain.

As an initial address to my new flock I wrote :

"MY DEAR FRIENDS,

"While still a stranger to most of you, it is not possible—it would not be right—that I should address you with much detail as to the work that we shall, God helping us, do together. Let us for awhile retain only in our minds and hearts the wise and loving words addressed to you and to me by our Bishop (Dr. Thorold, of

Rochester) when he so kindly publicly instituted me in our church. Love, zeal, godliness, trust, and teachableness—these were its keynotes, and may they have laid foundation-stones for our being fellow-workers with one another, and, above all, with CHRIST. The Epistle for the first Sunday on which I officiated as your Vicar gives me the guiding text: “It is required in stewards that a man be found faithful.” Pray with me and for me, that I may be faithful to GOD, to His Church, to our Bishop, to you, and to myself.

“I feel how hard it will be in many ways to succeed one who so deservedly filled so large a place in your affections, and had won, on so many grounds, your confidence and respect. But I would have you remember that, as GOD is a sculptor Who makes no replicas, and One Who creates no two blades of grass alike, it should not be expected that all my ways should be the same as your late Vicar’s, though our aims and motives will ever be identical. With regard to our future relations, may I ask you to notice and remember:

“1. That after any and every service I shall be at the disposal of anyone who desires such information, help, or guidance as I can give.

“ 2. That I shall extremely dislike any apology, such as men often in courtesy make, for ‘taking up my time.’ I shall have no time of my own. A priest is always on duty.

“ 3. That the ignorant and harmful expression, ‘Mr. Horsley’s church,’ should never be used in your hearing without rebuke. It is your church, our church—not mine.

“ 4. That there should be no grumblings, or complainings, or innuendoes behind people’s backs. To speak openly to a brother as a brother will always command respect, even though it may not win acquiescence.

“ 5. That there is little place in this parish and these times for those who do not prove, strengthen, and expand their life by action. All Christians at work, and all at work Christians—let this be the motto for the congregation of Holy Trinity Church. That I have been chosen and appointed to lead implies that there are others to follow. The Duke of Wellington won many a battle, but not as an independent, an isolated, or a deserted man. Officers had he—non-commissioned officers, privates, all, down to the humblest drummer-boy or rawest recruit, determined to do something for the defence of England. So may it be with us in the battle for right and truth, and against evil,

error, and wrong. GOD guide, bless, strengthen us all ; this is the prayer of

“ Your affectionate Priest and Pastor,

“ J. W. HORSLEY.”

It was at once evident, from the state of the slums touching, but decorously out of sight behind the church, that I must war against municipal neglect and private profits.

No words are now needed to express and impress the importance of the great social question brought to mind by the phrase, “ The Housing of the Poor,” but I have to speak of what was the case some twenty years ago. The inarticulate murmurs of those who suffered from the overcrowding, whether of areas or of tenements ; the want of air, light, and water ; the insanitary condition of drains, yards, and closets ; and the extreme difficulty of getting the most necessary repairs or cleansing done ; the stronger, but still feeble, voices of those who lived and worked amongst the poor in London and great cities, with their miles of misery and districts of despair ; the occasional leader, caused by some outspoken person or comments at a coroner’s inquest—these never reached the nation’s ears, and the few legislators who would fain draw the attention of Parliament

to social dangers arising from social wrongs were regarded simply as amiable enthusiasts, who should be treated with politeness—and neglect.

Then, in the explicable fashion in which some thought, or word, or deed—true, but by no means new—catches a nation's conscience and becomes the talk of the day, a pamphlet called "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London" forced itself by its title into prominence. All were then eager for others to do what they themselves had never dreamed of doing. "Slumming"—by which I had been educated in Shoreditch when an Oxford undergraduate in 1865—became a fashionable pastime. The responsibility of all landlords and the bloodguiltiness of many were recognised; fresh legislation was demanded to supplement existing Acts, which administrative bodies—mainly composed of builders and landlords—had allowed to become dead letters. To hush the clamour, a Royal Commission was granted, before which I had the honour to be examined, as being then a prison chaplain and a student of the relationship between slums and sin, overcrowding and overdrinking, damp and despair, high rents and low morals. Children of this Commission were the Housing of the Working Classes Act, 1890, and the Public Health (London) Act of 1891,

and in many ways progress everywhere has been made. Yet still there is the fatal habit of acquiescence in evil, and no weapon can yet be sheathed, no trumpet yet be silent, while everywhere there are landlords and house-farmers who regard tenants simply as rent-producing animals, and Boards and Councils, both in cities and in the most rural districts, whose chief aim appears to be to remedy no evil if action would touch the pockets of the property-owners—they always use reverentially a very large P for this word—or by publicity “injure the trade” of a town—especially if it be a pleasure resort—by showing the mendacity of its claim to be exceptionally healthy and enlightened.

Preaching one Sunday evening at Enfield, I heard the vicar (once a pupil of mine) give out that next Sunday the choir would sing the cantata of “The Holy City.” This suggested to me the following lines, which I wrote in the railway carriage as I returned home :

We carol our praise of a City on high,  
Where streets are golden and robes are white,  
And for angels and men no tears, no night,  
All wills and hearts in unity:  
Where the joy of work, and the peace of rest,  
For ever are one and the same.

But our Litany sighs from our cities below,  
Where the greed of the cheat and the sloth of the  
    slack,  
And the stye of the foul, and cruelty's rack,  
Forbid life its fulness to know :  
And hope and fruition, desert and reward,  
For ever are never the same.

Yet ever the vision of purity  
Is only for eyes that tears have wet,  
For the Master's path to Olivet  
Lay through the gloom of Gethsemane.  
To labour for earth—to win the sky—  
For ever are ever the same.

What seems to me an honest and naïve expression of the Moderate position, as held by most "ratepayers' representatives," was expressed by a fisherman friend to whom I was speaking in a little Kentish seaside village where I spend a holiday in gardening and fishing. At that time there was no water-supply except by going up a hill after the example of Jack and Jill, and dipping into two small wells on the wayside. I pointed out that the neighbouring inland village had sunk an artesian well and had an excellent supply, which could be made available for us who were short of drinking-water and without any protection against fire. "You have a Parish Council now ; why don't you do this necessary work ?" "Yes," was the answer, "we've got the Council, and we

knows we could do it ; but when they put us on the Parish Council they made us promise as we wouldn't do nothing!"—nothing, that is to say, that would increase the rates slightly and temporarily, even if it were obvious that permanent advantage would be gained.

Now, when I came to Woolwich, in the winter of 1889, it was to a parish situated on the banks of the Thames, which was then, especially in hot weather, an open sewer that sent forth assassinating stinks, while the foul Lea and the untreated sewage of North Woolwich and a part of Ham was still poured into our boundary-stream. Life on its banks could hardly be salubrious. A boy in my Sunday-school tumbled into the Thames. He was promptly pulled out, but was ill for a fortnight from the "water" he had swallowed. A man in the next street was down with dysentery, derived solely, his doctor said, from his working on Thames barges. The whole parish of Holy Trinity is on the river flat, and so without the alleviation of the currents of air possessed in every other part of the undulating hilly district of Woolwich and Plumstead. It is, in shape, an isosceles triangle, with four hundred yards of the Thames as its base and thirty yards of the Market Square as its apex. Into its thirty-two acres were

crammed (without any lofty "model" lodging-houses or tenements) 4,300 people, so that while for Woolwich generally there were thirty-six persons per acre, in my parish there were 125. Into this triangle lanes and courts were crammed, while in many cases even the back yard of a house had been seized upon as a site for another house. The lifting of a brick in a yard showed a substratum of sewage. It was difficult to find any closet in the parish with a water-supply. Whole streets were without dustbins. Cellars were used as bedrooms. Seven adults were found occupying one very dirty room, with one bed, in a house let at five shillings a week for its two rooms, of which the lower one was quite uninhabitable, while the boards of which the whole dwelling was composed were broken away in several places so that the sky could be seen, and the walls were broken and black, and the roof leaked. In another house of ten rooms there were nine families and one closet, without a water-supply.

In the worst parts I found that the visit of the one inspector of the Local Board was four years ago, which was hardly surprising when he had five thousand houses in Woolwich to inspect. Into one bedroom the rain penetrated in so many places that the mother of six children said :

"Some nights we did not know how to keep shifting the children about in their beds to keep the water from dropping on them." In the lower room the smaller children could, and did, crawl through the holes in the floor, and the rent of this two-roomed house was £13 a year! Next door I picked from the floor-joists a fungus eighteen inches long that had grown in a fortnight, and I exhibited it at a lecture with the label, "Local Board Vegetation." Another house that was a regular death-trap from dampness (one of the chief causes of consumption) held two families in four rooms, and the rent of this suburban and riverside villa was only £18 4s. a year! There were eighteen public-houses and eighteen four-penny lodging-houses for tramps of both sexes and casual labourers at the docks and elsewhere. Part of the parish was locally and expressively called "The Dusthole," and formed an Alsatia for vice and crime that it was thought by the respectables and rulers of the town convenient to ignore, and even politic to allow. Mr. Montagu Williams, then our police magistrate, described it in print as the worst plague-spot in London, and had in vain called upon the Local Board to do something for its purification. Cannon Row, therein, was almost entirely composed of brothels of the lowest

kind, and nearly one hundred crimes came from it to the notice of the police in six months. Rents were high, and frequently raised, sometimes because the owner had effected some so-called improvements, which were, in reality, a tardy discharge of his duty, and sometimes simply because there was then never an empty house, or even room, in the parish, and the difficulty of finding lodging near the work caused almost any rent to be paid.

Plainly, it was a mockery to preach "temperance, soberness, and chastity," until a better environment made better lives possible. I therefore had to set about a work that was new to me, to act promptly, and, at first, alone. As one who had seen in East End slums the good effect produced by the demolition of insanitary hovels and the erection on their site of larger and better dwellings, one of my first thoughts was to get some trust or company to build such houses. But in vain; the price of land was too high, because the rents to be drawn from hovels (and especially brothels) was so high where "empties" were unknown, and repairs were not enforced. Then I tried a lecture by my friend Mr. Atherley Jones, M.P. No one came but a few of my own congregation, and no local paper even mentioned the lecture. It seemed

difficult to get anything done ; but difficulties are not synonymous with impossibilities, and they are generally indications of being in the right path. Should I bring cases one by one before the *fainéant* Local Board ? That was infected and swayed by landlordism and included some of the owners of, or agents for, the worst places in the parish. So then I quietly invoked the aid of the Mansion House Council on the Dwellings of the Poor (31, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus), which had shown its power and persistence in other parts of London. Its chief inspector came down at once, and speedily procured for me a list of a hundred instances of insanitary defects and nuisances in part of my parish. Publicity, however, was obviously needful, and so a little later I wrote a series of articles in the *Woolwich Gazette*. As forcibly, and with as much detail as I could compass, I described the evil, suggested the causes and the remedies, and at the end formulated certain demands, the chief of which were :

1. Appoint a Medical Officer of Health.
2. Have two inspectors instead of one.
3. Adopt the pail system and a daily clearance of refuse.
4. Have automatic flushing cisterns to w.c.'s.
5. Thorough and house-to-house inspection.

Then the ball opened. All these proposals were opposed and even derided. (This was in 1890, but in 1892 every suggestion had passed into law and practice except No. 3.) The Local Board was aghast. "What can his motive be?" inquired a leading member of its Sanitary Committee. "He must be stopped, or he will be a perpetual nuisance," cried another. That I only wanted to draw attention to myself was the common idea, born of the dominant commercial habits of thought. Others "wished that the reverend gentleman would stick to his spiritual duties." I answered in the local paper :

"I regard as a spiritual duty the removal of the stumbling-block in the way of comfort, or health, or decency that is in my brother's path, and I cannot regard that as a spiritual religion which ignores the needs and claims of men's bodies. One should find each landlord of a tenement occupied by the poor taking pride in doing everything to promote their comfort, instead of refusing repairs or threatening all who complain to the sanitary authority with eviction or raised rent. One should find the local authority taking pride in keeping careless or merely mercenary landlords up to their duties. If one does not, then there is a need for a prophet to arouse in the name of

GOD the righteous indignation and the popular clamour that will compel right action."

The landlords' organ then tried the meanest argument, and asked, Would not improvement burden the rates? I answered that men were citizens in the first instance, and ratepayers only in the second, and that when "tenemental sin" has to be exposed, rebuked, and punished, no necessary expense falls upon the rates at all. Landlords have merely to be made to disgorge some of the money that they should have expended in the cure or prevention of noxious conditions, but have kept to themselves. Further, it should be obvious that sanitation and better housing will, of necessity, produce better health and more self-respect, and that the possession of these moral and physical conditions will more than anything else tend to lower the rates, and to make into self-reliant producers those who are now so largely found as out- or indoor paupers, casuals, or infirmity patients.

Then they tried persistently the argument that no harm to health could exist, however comfort and decency might be affected, because, as the Local Board had asserted to the Government, when, in 1888, the Mansion House Council had asked for an inquiry, "The health of the town is

thoroughly good, as shown by the Registrar-General's returns." This "proof of the pudding's in the eating" argument was gleefully brandished as a tomahawk already dripping with my gore. It sounded imposing; it was an imposition; for I showed that they were using as a basis the deaths in Woolwich instead of the deaths of Woolwich, ignoring the fact that our workhouse and infirmary, into which so many of the poor retired to die, was in another parish, and that, from our contiguity to some London hospitals, many other deaths of our people took place in institutions outside our limit. In spite of our outlying position, the hilly character of all the town, except my parish, the presence of four thousand picked young men in the garrison (whose extremely low death-rate—about 3·50 per thousand—of course lowered the general average of the town), and the many-acred lung of Woolwich Common, all of which considerations made us in a more favourable condition than other parishes of similar position—*e.g.*, Bermondsey and Southwark—our real death-rate, whether in the table for the Metropolis generally, or for South London separately, was always nearer the bottom than the middle. For the year in which this controversy arose our death-rate was 20·2

(for Woolwich as a whole, but what for my parish ?), and we were twenty-sixth in order out of the forty-one districts of London. For the two previous years the Woolwich rate had been 21·6 and 22·8. Thus I finally slew the assertion that we were exceptionally healthy. But still the words of the President of the Health Section of the Social Science Congress in 1884 were once more proved to be true : “ Immediately the immaculate sanitary purity of any place, however open to just criticism it may be, is questioned in a spirit of truth and philanthropy, out rushes some maddened authority, whose utter abandonment of self-command is plain evidence that it has been very hard hit indeed, yelling maledictions in which ‘ liar ’ and ‘ calumniator ’ are the only articulate sounds.”

I was kept busy with the pen for a long time in presenting fresh facts and meeting old errors and untruths ; but men no longer lived in a fool’s paradise, and the poor began to know their rights, and how they might be obtained. A friend of mine was agent for some cottages in my parish. One of the tenants pointed out a defect, and asked for attention. He said he was very busy with other property, but would come to it in time. “ If you don’t do it at once, I’ll tell

the parson," was the answer, which he retailed to me with some amusement. To be the people's tribune, you must become the landlords' bogey. Property-owners develop theological grievances, and leave the church to join a chapel, where they hope to find an independent congregation with a dependent minister. A novel with a purpose, "Down in the Flats" (Fisher Unwin), says: "But for the parson, many a foul nuisance would have survived condemnation, and many a vitally necessary improvement would have been postponed until its proposal was forgotten . . . and in cases demanding external pressure, the parson was the only man to be looked to for tackling negligent, or curbing tyrannical, authority. Bad landlords are his Ahab, and he is their Elijah. Nor is it unknown to local historians" (the novel speaks of Bristol; I found it true also in Woolwich) "how, in spots most unlike a vineyard, collisions have occurred between the two, the Ahab owner, quivering with rage, railing from off some shaky roof or from the edge of some unsavoury drain: 'You call yourself a minister of the Gospel? Look what expense you're putting *me* to! Yah! I know you; you're no gentleman!' A very 'Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?' And the reply might be expressed

thus : ‘ Yes, I have found thee ; and so long as you let sick folks lie under dripping roofs, or let their drain-pipes be clogged, and their yards flooded with sewage, so long will I find thee, O thou nineteenth-century Ahab ! ’ ”

The next step was to form a local committee of the Mansion House Council, with the rector, a doctor, and some vigorous working men thereon. (I may note, by-the-by, that throughout my campaign I had not a word or act of sympathy from any Nonconformist minister, nor even from any of my brother clergy, except the Rector of Woolwich ; deacons and churchwardens were apt to be property-owners.) We put out handbills inviting aggrieved tenants to communicate privately with us, and soon the dusty complaint-books at the parochial offices began to bear the frequent blossoms of our name as we verified complaints, forwarded them, and showed we meant business. I frequently entered twenty complaints in one day. Then we got what the landlords’ organ described as “ Coercion for Woolwich,” as the Mansion House Council got a clause inserted into the Infectious Diseases Act compelling our recalcitrant Local Board to appoint a Medical Officer of Health. Partly from finding that it was useless to kick against the

pricks, and partly from the persuasions of this Medical Officer of Health, now Professor W. R. Smith, things began to move more rapidly, and *inter alia* we obtained, since the passing of Ritchie's Act, fifty-three orders closing houses as unfit for human habitation.

To become at once archer and target had not entered my mind, but on receiving a requisition from working men, I consented to be a candidate for election on to the Local Board. This caused some excitement on both sides, and nearly three thousand more votes were polled than in the previous election, and I was returned, to the music of the gnashing of the teeth of slum-owners, only second to a colleague who ran on the same lines, and was at the head of the poll. In our address to the electors, which I drew up, I see that we said :

“The Royal Commission on the Housing of the Poor made it plain that the worst landlords always tried most to get on a Vestry or Board, to ‘protect’ the property of themselves and their friends from the beneficial action of laws passed for the protection of the tenants. We want on the Board men who will :

“1. Promote sanitary reform in a different fashion from those who have resisted the appoint-

ment of a medical officer, and considered one inspector sufficient for four thousand houses, and maintained that there was no need for action to improve the dwellings of the poor.

“2. Allow no further procrastination in the matter of providing public baths and washhouses for Woolwich. You remember how eagerly you signed a memorial eight months ago, calling on the Board to act. They have only just now taken the first step in the matter, and that only when shamed by the rapid decision and action of Plumstead.

“3. Promote the adoption of the Free Libraries' Act for Woolwich. The adoption was lost on a poll, largely in consequence of landlords (some of them members of the Board) threatening tenants with a rise of rent if they voted for the Act.

“4. Be in favour of giving contracts only to those who will guarantee to pay their workmen not less than the fair and accepted wages of their trade. No fair master objects to such action, while public bodies should be careful to protect both workmen and the public from the many evil results of underpaid work. This applies also, as the L.C.C. has shown, to the servants of the Board.”

Next year I was able to report progress all

along the line—landlords were making a virtue of necessity; plumbers and jobbers were making their fortunes; tenants were alive to their rights, and knew how to get the laws passed for their protection put into force. One hundred and twenty-six houses were dealt with under the Housing of the Working Classes Act during the year, and I noted that out of 233 complaints in the book of the Board, 127 had been lodged by me as secretary of the local committee of the Mansion House Council.

*Quid plura dicam?* I have given simply an illustration of what can be done, and that in a short time, where evils exist. The necessary steam-power exists in the shape of many Acts and orders, the machinery exists in the shape of the Borough Council or District Council, and all that is needed is a single resolute citizen to turn on the steam. And if that citizen be also the clergyman of the parish, he need not fear that his spiritual work will be omitted or even hindered by attention to the more secular demands of health and decency. The conversion of a privy into a proper water-closet will not obstruct the conversion of souls, nor will the removal of dampness from the houses of the poor make his sermons perpetually dry.

It may be thought no work of the kind I have described remains now to be done. Thank God for the marvellous progress made generally in the last sixteen years, and even more in Woolwich than in several other Metropolitan boroughs, owing largely to its being joined to the more democratic and progressive Plumstead, to the obtaining of many seats on the Borough Council by artisans, and to its having an exceptionally good and inventive Medical Officer of Health. But let no one imagine that there are not areas in many places, urban and rural, which even now stand in dire need of a searchlight and a revolution. Witness the fact that at the present moment London has determined to tackle, at the instigation of the Southwark Borough Council and during my mayoralty, the Tabard Street area of sixteen acres, in which people live 293 to the acre in small houses, 1,279 of them having but one room as their "home," 27 per cent. of the population being technically overcrowded, while the average death-rate for the last five years was 33·3 for this area, as compared with 18·2 for the rest of the borough of Southwark. The evil exists, as regards small areas, in most boroughs, and thus we encourage sickness and provide nurseries for epidemics, and when they come it is

mere cant to describe them as visitations of Providence. We want more providence with a small p, before we have a right to talk of Providence with a big P. We plead not for charity or liberality ; we do but remind men of duty, and, if necessary, force them to be no longer criminals by neglect or defiance of the laws made for the protection of the poorest, both against their own ignorance and the greed of landlords. So that in not a few parishes, in cities, or in the country (see Miss Cochrane's writings), there might be found some who, reading this inartistic record of what an average man can do, will swell the chorus : "Up, and let us march against Philip."

It may be a suggestion to others if I mention how I forced action upon unwilling authorities in the matter of the checking of immorality. One row in my parish was practically given over to houses of ill fame, and there were other well-known spots of evil-doing. Bringing forward a case, I found the Local Board maintaining that the police should act, and the police holding that they were not the right body to watch and to get up a case. Therefore, as before, "nothing attempted, nothing done," would be the local motto or record. Finding, however, a way under an old statute, I made myself, under the terms of that

Act, "a common informer," demanded action, and got it. A conviction followed, and "the common informer" (of course some made invidious use of that appellation) got ten pounds reward, paid by the Local Board, as required by the law. Half I gave to the Woolwich refuge for women, half to a rescue society. Another case I brought forward, and earned another ten pounds, and told the civic authorities I would gladly pursue this course, and so be enabled to give donations to rescue work. Then they caved in, and as I was now a member of the Board, they formed a sub-committee for the repression of certain immorality, and made me chairman of it.

The need for temperance work also was plain at Woolwich, in spite of the concomitant evidences of a widespread desire for thrift and decency of life. To get help of a kind not given then so freely as now, I drew up, as president of the Woolwich and Plumstead Temperance Council, the following memorial to the doctors of the district as "those whose influence may, and should be, so great and so beneficial over those who are forming habits of intemperance," and we expressed our belief that they would agree—

"1. That there is a most noxious and regrettable amount of intemperance in our midst, and

that not merely of a periodic or occasional character such as is painfully visible at holiday time or when pensions are being paid.

“ 2. That drunkenness more injuriously affects the health and prospects of children when it is the habit of their mothers, and that female intemperance is certainly far too common, and, it would seem, alarmingly on the increase.

“ 3. That, as three hundred metropolitan doctors declared in a well-known manifesto, ‘ No medical man should prescribe alcohol without a sense of grave responsibility,’ especially in the unscientific way in which the amount taken is practically left to the patient, and no directions are given as to its discontinuance.

“ 4. That neither religion, morality, education, nor law, can each by itself overcome and extirpate that which has many causes and is a physical disease requiring physical remedies, as well as a sin and a nuisance, and therefore that it is right for those whose primary work for others is concerned with religion and morality, to remind medical men of the unique opportunity they possess from their scientific knowledge and the confidence of their patients, and further, that special opportunity connotes special responsibility.”

It may be imagined, with some justification,

that between the lines there was the suggestion that not all the local doctors were doing all they could in this direction. However, it was well received, and from ten of the chief medical men we had the following :

“We recognise with regret the great injury resulting to the physical and moral well-being of the population among whom we exercise our profession, from excessive and injudicious consumption of alcoholic beverages. We therefore desire to make it publicly known that the great bulk of the medical profession are agreed to the following conclusions with respect to the use and abuse of alcohol :

“1. *In Health*.—(a) The use of alcohol is unnecessary, and hence total abstinence is the safest course. (b) The habitual use of alcohol is sure to produce disease unless taken in small quantities, in dilute form, and with meals. (c) Alcohol should never be given to children.

“2. *In Disease*.—Alcohol should be used only as a medicine, and the quantity, quality, and time, strictly regulated by the doctor's orders.”

One temperance effort of an unusual kind I may record. In a Temperance Mission the family who owned one of the eighteen doss-houses in the Dusthole had been teetotalised, and at once

rejoiced me by making up their minds not to keep Christmas as of yore—*i.e.*, by sending twenty gallons of beer into the common kitchen to complete the work begun in earlier hours of the day, but to give a temperance tea and entertainment instead. Therefore they borrowed the basement room of our St. Saviour's Mission close by, and herein, from 5 p.m. to midnight on Christmas Day, they held high festival without the cup that intoxicates. After tea the secular incense of "baccy" pervaded the room, which was bright with Chinese lanterns and the "capital" adornments of the guests which they had derived from a gift of crackers. The lodging-house inmates migrated here bodily and provided their own entertainment, which never flagged or ceased to arouse enthusiasm. Now a young lady performed a solo on the toes to the accompaniment of a Jew's harp and a comb; now two street acrobats contorted themselves marvelously; now a small boy most imperturbably failed to remember his piece of poetry he was anxious to recite; now a gentleman, surrounded by art-critics, turned turnips into camellias and dahlias by the aid of an old penholder; now a lady volunteered "Then you'll remember me" in very slow time; now an agile exponent of the cellar-flap dance brought down the house; now three men,

disguised chiefly in soot, performed a dramatic sketch of their own composition. So ran the fun, and when, late in the evening, I spoke of the true principles of Christmas merriment, no one could have wished for a more attentive audience. .

## CHAPTER VII

### HOLIDAYS

IT was in the summer of 1891 that I found myself in Switzerland for the first time, officiating as chaplain for a month in the little English church in the grounds of the Hôtel Sauvage at Meiringen, the charming village in the narrow Haslital, the front garden of the Wetterhorn massif. Through it rushes the Aare, on its way from its source beneath the Finsteraarhorn, soon to expand into the Siamese-twin lakes of Brienz and Thun, between which lies Interlaken, on the silt delta of the Lutschine, which foams down from the Grindelwald and the Lauterbrunnen valleys. Such a union of the grand and the beautiful—upland meadows and woods, ranges of grassy and pine-circled hills higher far than British mountains, gorges, waterfalls, gleams of distant glaciers, mountains here serrated with crags and horns and there crowned with eternal snow—could not fail to impress and to delight. Every prospect

pleased, and not even man seemed vile, albeit plain and insignificant in comparison with such surroundings.

One evening there trudged into the hotel garden a party of unmistakably London lads, clerks and shopmen mainly, weary somewhat with the long walk from the Furka Pass, by the Grimsel Hospice and the Handegg Falls. They were from the Regent Street Polytechnic, and when I found that a fortnight in Switzerland had cost each under eight pounds, I first marvelled at what co-operation and contrivance and contracts could effect; and then, turning my thoughts to grimy Woolwich, I began to consider whether "Woolwich on the Alps" was an impossibility, and to imagine how it might delight and educate those whose holiday was usually spent at Clacton-on-Sea or Margate at the best. And could not others besides young men have this privilege and joy? By correspondence and inquiry I found that this could be. Next summer, therefore, found me personally conducting a party of fifty-one, mainly from Woolwich and Plumstead, of all ages and of both sexes; and this had developed each year until I had to limit my party to one hundred and forty, which was the accommodation of the dining-room at the hotel. As I write I shall shortly be

starting for my twentieth<sup>7</sup> annual visit, and more than a thousand friends from all parts have I now introduced (most of them for the first time) to this land—the best playground, and the school-room of Europe—and personally I have increased last year my love for Switzerland in general and the Haslital in particular, and have become an expert in and a lecturer on the Bernese Oberland, a member of the Swiss Alpine Club, and a sort of Consul for Meiringen in England. A special train now takes us from Ostend to Bale, and from Lucerne to Meiringen, and for a fortnight or three weeks, according to choice and ability, we have a continuous family picnic in and from Meiringen, making that our home, from which we radiate out each day in a different direction for walks and climbs, still at a cost for fare, board, lodging, and attendance of only eight pounds for two weeks or ten pounds for three. Others, I am glad to know, have followed my example, and notably the Free Church Touring Guild owes its origin to the experience of several who came with me some years ago. My visit is always at the beginning of June, as my chaplaincy is then, and this I consider the best month, as there is more snow, more water in the falls, more flowers, more accommodation, cheaper prices, and fewer tourists. Leaving Charing

Cross at 9 a.m., by noon next day we are looking up to a glacier. There are many pitiable folk who "do" Switzerland and are "done" themselves, taking home a mind jaded with over-repletion and dizzy with the blurred and partial recollection of a kaleidoscope of places, and especially of many hotels, when all things have been attempted, and therefore nothing done. Their scamper and glance is only exceeded by such as a party of very "Amurricans" I found camping at Shechem in the Holy Land, who were quite pleased with themselves because they were "doing" an hundred places in an hundred days for an hundred pounds. Make a home of a good centre, and then walk or climb daily, is my receipt for the enjoyment and even for the knowledge of the characteristics of a small country; and, as I proclaim in my programme, a few who think it "genteel" to be "not very strong," or whose delight and ideal is to flatten their noses against shop-windows or always want to be carried when they could more beneficially walk, do much to demoralise the healthy, happy, and family-picnic spirit of a party. Various organisations—notably those under the Polytechnic and Dr. Lunn—provide excellently for such perambulator folk. After nineteen years I have not yet exhausted the possibilities

of the Haslital, and each year take or make some new walk or climb, or variation of an old one.

The feeling we have towards the land and the people I have expressed thus :—

“ From Britain’s strand to Switzerland,  
From Fatherland to Bruderland,  
Across the breezy dancing main,  
From chalky cliff to golden strand ;  
Through sunset forest, midnight plain,  
Where sunrise lit the purple hills,  
Till grander glory vision fills—  
We come in quest of joy and rest,  
Nor pause before the Oberland.  
Hail ! mountain, forest, vale,  
We greet you once again :  
Heil sei dem Haslital !  
Hurrah for Meiringen !

“ From Britain’s strand to Switzerland,  
From Fatherland to Bruderland,  
The voice of many waters here,  
Thunder of fall and rush of Aare,  
Bee-hum, bird-carols, fill the ear,  
Deep blue of lake, deep blue of sky,  
Snow coronet on mountains high :  
With rainbow showers of fragrant flower  
O’er mead and moor of Oberland.  
Hail ! mountain, forest, vale,  
We greet you once again :  
Heil sei dem Haslital !  
Hurrah for Meiringen !

“From Britain’s strand to Switzerland,  
From Fatherland to Bruderland—  
From squalid streets of pallid folk  
With eager yet unfillèd hand,  
Who bear uncheered their labour’s yoke,  
With nought to whisper, ‘Lift thine eyes,’  
Nor aught to show where beauty lies—  
We come to share the freer air  
That breathes throughout the Oberland.  
Hail ! mountain, forest, vale,  
We greet you once again :  
Heil sei dem Haslital !  
Hurrah for Meiringen !

“From Britain’s strand to Switzerland,  
From Fatherland to Bruderland :  
Nor least of all our joys to find  
Freedom and progress hand-in-hand,  
The tranquil and reflective mind,  
No vulgar show of money-bags,  
Nor poverty’s self-conscious rags :  
Contentment’s school—the golden rule—  
Seem native in the Oberland.  
Hail ! simple, kindly folk !  
We greet you once again :  
Heil sei dem Haslital !  
Hurrah for Meiringen !”

One matter of psychological interest I may mention. Just above the Brunig Pass (and railway-station) and dominating parts of the Lungern and Meiringen valleys, is the Brunig Wylerhorn, easily ascended from the Pass in two

hours or less, and providing a magnificent panorama, which very few English visitors know, though I have had sixty of my party (including grandparents) on the top at once. Coming down once, in a part where the grass was slippery and the gradient steep, I heard a shriek behind me, and turning round saw a schoolgirl (coming with me this year as a matron) sliding rapidly down feet first, as the result of a foolish attempt to toboggan. Throwing myself on her, I stopped her, but I was sent rolling lengthways down the slope, shedding impedimenta in my career, bounding incidentally (I found afterwards) over a shelf, and at last finding myself much lower down, with a doctor and a nurse regarding me (hospital and district nurses are always in good numbers in my party, and enjoy the holiday more, perhaps, than any). The blood was spurting from a cut artery in my head, but a little snow and water soon stopped this, and my head being bound up with a towel a Walworth schoolmaster had brought in view of a bathe in a waterfall, I went on as if nothing had happened. I walked some thirteen miles, gave a lecture on Switzerland after dinner, and the next day took all the Sunday services with a head-dress more artistic than ecclesiastical. But the point is this.

While rolling down, and after finding the grass was too short to clutch, I felt neither pain nor anxiety, and was only conscious of rolling and of saying to myself, "I wonder if I could go any faster?" The moral I deduce is that in many accidents that sound appalling, the person affected is not afflicted, but is mercifully preserved from consciousness or dread.

The journey and the sojourn are not without their humorous incidents. There are always the ladies who apparently have never been in a train before; who all crowd into one carriage and cannot find the room which exists for them in the next; who have no idea how or where to stow away their impedimenta. Others who will think for themselves when all has been thought out and arranged for them. Others who flatteringly predicate omniscience to me as conductor. "Where is my husband?" one inquired piteously as if I had pocketed him, whereas he had left himself behind by inadvertence at a short stop *en route*. "Where are my boots?" asked another lady in the early morning. "How should I know?" "Oh, I put them on the platform and asked a porter to keep an eye on them." As she had no German and the Dienstmann no English, there was naturally a misunderstanding as to her

understandings. Then, on arrival, in spite of all previous care as to billeting, difficulties arise. One matron comes to me almost in tears on arrival at the hotel. I had allotted her a single room, and she had never in her life slept alone in what she apparently considered silent and solitary confinement. The difficulty of language on both sides presents occasions of humour. *En route* someone is pretty sure to have declared *Ausgang* ("Way out") to be the name of a station we passed. "It was written up in large letters." Or a young man, looking out for a cup of coffee at Lucerne, at last exclaims: "Come along, lads, here's the place!" and dives into the shop of a *coiffeur*. And, of course, all Swiss cannot grasp our idioms at once and accurately. One day, returning from a long walk earlier than mine host, Adolf Boss, expected me, he paid the compliment of saying to my sister, "Ach, your brother is the fastest man I know!"—one of the things one could wish unsaid, in England at any rate, to a cleric. My sister inquired as to the diligence for Im Hof, where she wanted to sketch. "You will know it," said the Concierge; "the horse has six clocks round his neck" (*i.e.*, bells=cloches). For my friends the tradesmen and hotel-keepers of Meiringen, I am always ready to revise the

English of their advertisements, so that they shall not say they sell ice-pickles when they mean ice-axes, nor when the English church has been burned down put up a kindly box "for the incendiaries," nor announce that a *camera obscura* is provided for the benefit of developing photographers—I beg pardon, for photographers who want to develop. And even in the glacier garden at Lucerne our "Keep to the path" was represented by "These paths cannot be surpassed."

In Switzerland I live all the year round, half of the time by anticipation, half by retrospect of my visit, and my house is a museum of Swiss carving and pottery and pictures of the Oberland and its people. Thereby the better am I enabled to live among the very different sights and sounds and smells one finds in overcrowded, riparian South London. For I dislike cities, though my lot has been cast in the poorest parts of London for forty years, as much as I love the country. Had I the chance of being a humble imitator of White of Selborne, I should be in Paradise, but the hobby that fills odds and ends of time is not an urban one—the collecting and arranging and studying of snails! Not that they have survived in Walworth, the only ones I found here being some *Hyalinia cellaria* under the stone lid of a

manhole to the rectory drain ; but from all parts of the world I gain, by exchange or otherwise, specimens of the great family of the *Helicidæ*, to which our common or garden snail belongs. It was not until 1890 (having studied chiefly geology and botany before) that I began to collect this group of land-shells and to indoctrinate others, mainly working men and school-children, with the love of this branch of natural history. But my snails now number some thousands, and fill four cabinets, although many are as minute as a pin's head ; and last year I had the honour of being elected President of the Conchological Society of Great Britain and Ireland. What a curious hobby ! say many ; but when I have displayed the beauties and explained the wonders of some specimens they no longer wonder. A holiday or convalescing trip to the shores of the Mediterranean, to Majorca, to Teneriffe, even to Switzerland and the Holy Land, has been taken not without the desire to gather snails as well as to increase health or to delight in new environment and experiences. It adds, perhaps, an additional interest when I can say, "This snail I found 7,000 feet up on a Swiss mountain, that I found in profusion on the hill above Nazareth, and this I got from the rocks when bathing in the Lake of

Galilee. This I found in the Acropolis at Athens, this on the arbutus-trees on Mount Tibi Dabo above Barcelona, this from Lourdes, and this from the fifteenth-century Lonja, or Exchange, of Palma de Mallorca. That wall-case in our school contains my prizes from the sands of Cette, in the Gulf of Lions." The Mecca, however, of the conchologist must be, for the more beautiful helicoids, the Philippine Islands, which I have visited only in dreams. And their wonders! Here through a microscope see the 19,893 saw-like teeth of the *Physa fontinalis*, a small fresh-water shell, or the meagre 12,615 of the garden snail (*Helix aspersa*), while another has more than 39,000, without, let us hope, a corresponding capacity for toothache. This elegant round-mouthed shell—to translate its scientific name—common on chalk soils, has anticipated the City man by an elastic contrivance for closing his office door. This marvellous snail from Siam was the real inventor of our Tobin Tube, ventilating itself thereby, even when its substantial circular front-door is closed. These denticles, so plentiful in the orifice of a shell from South America, I explained to an audience of Walworth school-children, were probably formed to exclude the ravenous ants of the forest. One girl, in an

essay on the lecture, wrote: "Then he showed us one that had teeth in its mouth to keep out the ants and uncles."

Any account of my short visits to other lands would not be of general interest, but perhaps the following may be an exception:

It was at sunrise on the morning of All Saints' Day that I first saw the Holy Land. As many of us on board the *Argonaut* were members of the Church of England Guild of Travel, we, of course, had an early celebration on deck, and, looking eastwards across the blue-black sea, our "reredos" was the promontory of Carmel and the palm-groves and sandhills and white buildings of Haifa, all half-veiled in the mother-mist of day and tinted with the promise of the sun. Landing after breakfast in surf-boats at a small wooden jetty, and wondering why none of the nations who have had power in the land have made or left a harbour (even at Jaffa, the port for Jerusalem, where dangerous rocks make embarkation or landing an impossibility in rough weather), we were at once conscious of the East owing to the strings and groups of camels, which bore for their Bedouin drivers the grain and other products of the interior, and henceforth across the country we were rarely out of sight of these deliberate and

supercilious animals. Here, too, was our first introduction to the wholly unnecessary and entirely ubiquitous filth of Eastern towns, where in every alley (there are few streets) is an altar to Beelzebub, the lord of flies, and the eyes of the children show in ophthalmia one result of that worship. Thence over a hundred of us—Lunn's lambs, as we might be called, from our peaceable and innocent ways and our implicit trust in our admirable leader and organizer—proceeded in carriages to Nazareth (though a day should be spent, if possible, on and about Carmel), across the plain of Acre, and bumping over what appeared to be a track more stony than usual, and was really the waterless River Kishon. Thence into Deborah's country and Harosheth of the Gentiles, rising until we look down on the wide plain of Esdraelon, with the isolated round mound of Tabor in front, and crossing, on a spur of the Galilean hills, a miniature Epping Forest of scrub holm-oaks, which was the only attempt at a wood or copse we saw in the land, so stripped by wars and folly, and now kept so bare by sloth and taxation, that its climate has been altered and its capabilities for agriculture forgotten or neglected. Even in the twelfth century the Crusaders besieging Jerusalem had to send thirty-six miles to She-

chem to get wood wherewith to build a movable fort.

After a mid-day *al fresco* lunch in a small swamp we reached Nazareth, the hill-brow village of which the Old Testament knows nothing, while now minds and hearts turn to it from every portion of the world. Mainly Christian, it differs in this respect from any place we are to visit. Mainly, again, Greek Church people, they seem more congruous to the soil and the habits of the land than do either the intrusive Romans or the exotic, well-meaning, and, as regards their hospitals, entirely beneficent, Presbyterian and C.M.S. folk. The Greek Archbishop, to whom I had brought a letter of introduction and greeting from the Bishop of Southwark, was at Jerusalem. Here we have to begin our task of being deaf to legends while according some respect to tradition, however of necessity broken, and of neglecting the claims of over-localisation of events. It seemed more helpful to know that somewhere on this hillside was the Holy Home, than to believe that the cottage had been spirited away, first to Dalmatia and then to Italy, where half a million pilgrims annually imagine that they find it at Loretto. What, however, can hardly be otherwise than authentic is the Virgin's Fountain, two clear

jets issuing from the base of a chalk hill. It interested me to find that our LORD was as much brought up on chalk downs as I was in Kent, although I was unprepared for the enormous masses of flint which in Galilee and Samaria replace our minor nodules.

The usual warnings against the water of the country (which we used to hear even as regards Switzerland once) seem to me largely the utterances of those who have wine to sell, just as much of the asserted danger from Bedouins may be traceable to the interests of those who want to be hired as protectors. But what of cleanliness being next to godliness, when this water (which I found excellent) flows into a contiguous reservoir for the use of cattle, which is simply a bubbling, stinking cesspool, capable of breeding enough mosquitoes to torment all the inhabitants who have not died of typhoid? Typical, but trying. Sunset from the hill above the town, some 1,600 feet above sea-level, revealed a panorama of interest in which our LORD must have delighted. Clean across the tiny land one sees from the Mediterranean to the reddened mountains beyond Jordan, northward to snow-crowned Hermon, and southward to the hills of Samaria. Here, as at Tiberias next day, those

for whom the hotel was too strait were comfortably lodged and entertained by brown-robed Franciscans in their Hospice. Thence on to Tiberias, now the only town on the shores of the Sea of Galilee. Carriages over dusty and rough roads—new roads, however, of easy gradient and sufficient breadth are at last being made here and in various parts, owing, it is said, to the late visit of the German Emperor, and the dynastic danger that might have accrued if he had been driven over the ordinary tracks, especially from Jerusalem to Jericho. Being, however, of the kind that feels degraded by being carried when one can walk, I trudged all the way over the stony and scrubby hills from Nazareth to Tiberias, stopping at Cana, a tiny village with a Greek and Latin church, commemorating rather than exactly localising the marriage feast. It is noteworthy that the cradle of Nathaniel is nowhere shown. Thence past the two-horned "hill" (only sixty feet above the plain) which may be the scene of the utterance of the Beatitudes, and certainly beheld, 720 years ago last July 3, the triumph of Saladin over the Crusaders. Hot with the sun of the day (I had not yet adopted the Arab head-dress), sunset saw me eagerly plunging into the clear, blue coolness of the Sea

of Galilee, under the walls of the old Norman castle, and 680 feet below the level of the Mediterranean.

The next day being Sunday, I celebrated, and later said Evensong, in the excellent Presbyterian hospital where Dr. Torrance has so long laboured. Boats were taken in the forenoon to the possible site of vanished Capernaum, where morning service was held on the shore. Most purely Eastern of all we saw was the town of Tiberias, two-thirds of the people being Jews, and a longer stay here than a "trip" affords would be desirable. Nazareth and the Lake remain more in my mind and heart than any other places, except, perhaps, Olivet. Excellent is the water of the Lake except just at the edge, where one woman washes her clothes, another scrubs her child, and another dips up her household supply of water. Next day we rowed and sailed to Es-Semakh, at the south end of the Lake, the Hebrew "chanties" of our boatmen (or were they Arabic?) being interpreted (let us hope wrongly) as curses on Christians, and prayers that they might be forgiven for helping them, although the *pecunia non olet* principle allowed them to adopt the one universal custom of the country, and to demand baksheesh. Here is a railway-station of Teutonic

appearance, whence we might have gone eastwards to Damascus. The course was, however, back to Haifa, crossing the small, slow Jordan and the smaller and more rapid Jabbok. Here at Bethshan some fourteen of us left the train and mounted (always on the right side after the first attempt) the Arab steeds that were to bear us during a three days' ride over stones to Jerusalem. My last ride was thirty-two years ago, but by adhesive knees and experience in sitting in a light boat I escaped the fate described by a Frenchman in his own words, "The horse jomp and I jomp, but I do not remain!" Thence over the country of Saul and of Gideon, we rose to a rubbish-heap of a hill, Jer'in, the ancient Jezreel. No trace of Ahab's palace, but, looking down on the vast plain of Esdraelon, stretching from Carmel to the Jordan, we can mentally see Jehu driving furiously up the valley, Saul leaning on his spear as the Philistines forced the Israelites up Gilboa, and Gideon's men betraying character by their manner of drinking at that clear spring that still wells from a cavern. Here, too, in 1799, Napoleon, reinforcing with 600 the 1,500 of Kléber, put 25,000 Turks to the rout. And so past Taanach and Megiddo, where Austrian and German excavators have been as richly

rewarded, as explorers everywhere will be in this land of so many historical stratifications, we came at sunset, saddle-tossed, and more ready than able to dismount, to Jenin (En-gannin), with its still abundant fountain on the edge of the great plain, and on the line between Galilee and Samaria. The new house of a well-to-do Turk has been turned into a comfortable hotel, kept (as most are) by a German, and the days of camping-out are past as regards necessity, although we met a camping Cook's company of Americans, who were "doing" an hundred places (and many countries) in an hundred days, without, I trust, losing for ever any power of mental digestion or of particular recollection.

On the morrow we went over white, bare hills by Dothan, with its memories of Joseph and of Elisha's vision of the army of guardian angels, up to the hill-top of Samaria, a dirty hamlet, producing chiefly prickly pear and fowls. Where are Ahab's Temple of Baal and where the magnificent buildings of Herod the Great? Hosea supplies one answer: "Samaria shall become desolate; for she hath rebelled against her God"; and Micah another: "I will make Samaria as an heap of the field. . . . and I will pour down the stones thereof into the valley." Herod

encircled the brow of the hill with a covered colonnade, of which some hundreds of the shafts remain *in situ* or scattered down the olive-yards of the slopes. Thence downwards, and through more cultivated land to Shechem, now called Nablous (Neapolis, Naples, Newtown), where another Turk's mansion has been converted into a hotel, next door to an excellent hospital with an English doctor, who kindly restored one of our party for whom the sun and riding had been too much. Irrigation has here (as it might in many places more) made the valley rich with crops and orchards. A glorious orange sunrise filled the triangle between Ebal and Gerizim, after we had been serenaded all night by the competing bands of Ebal's jackals and Shechem's curs. Only 130 are the remnant of Samaritans in this their holy place, which now contains some 20,000 souls; but the synagogue, the celebrated Codex, and the peculiar Passover rites on Gerizim, are full of antiquarian interest. Of course, we should have climbed either the Hill of Blessing or that of Cursing (now overrun with prickly pear and infested with jackals), and should have visited the Mosque, which was a Crusaders' church, built on the site of a basilica of Justinian; but we had some thirteen hours' journey before we could reach Jeru-

saalem, and an early start was necessary. Some mounds here are said to be the refuse of the soap-works of Nablous. Observation of the people would have rather suggested that they consisted of soap made in hope of a market, which hope proved vain. Riding on, we found, close together, Sychar, Joseph's Tomb (venerated alike by Jew, Samaritan, Christian, and Moslem), and Jacob's Well, now dry, although water is close by. As this is one of the most authentic sacred spots, we were interested to find that in the last year excavations had disclosed the foundations of an interesting medieval church, nave, and two aisles, with apses, which is to be rebuilt, the Patriarch of Jerusalem afterwards told me, as an Orthodox church. The well will then, no doubt, be cleared out, and be in its old position under the high-altar.

Riding on to Lebonah, in the neighbourhood of Shiloh, we here leave our horses, climb a ridge, and find Sion-ward carriages awaiting us, and as we roll on Bethel and Ai are pointed out. Here the hills of Judæa had to be climbed and traversed. I walked on and up when the horses bailed, and it was six miles before they caught me up at Beeroth. Lifeless to a degree were these stony hills. Six months without rain had not

improved matters, and the long-eared black goats wandered over stones and cracked arable land trying to find a thistle-stem to eat. Always I had walked when I could, to notice or collect the snakes or snails, the locusts or the crocuses, but on these hills of Judæa hardly any sign of life existed, except a few spiders' webs. Birds had been always few (hawks and wagtails being most in evidence), but here they practically disappeared. As we pass the ruins of the Castle of Baldwin II., King of Jerusalem, and the moist cliffs, green, unexpectedly, with maidenhair fern, the sun sets, and it is only in the dark (and cold) that we see below us the great oval of the lights of Jerusalem. Here we riders across country rejoined the rest of the party in Fast's Hotel, by the Jaffa Gate.

Of Jerusalem I would say little, for all can read what many have written. Let pilgrims, however, realise at the outset that they are on the roof of a four-storied house, and what they would most desire to see is buried in the basement. El Kuds, the Holy City, which throughout its history has mainly been, from a human point of view, an unholy city, is now composed of four superimposed strata, as Troy was found by Dr. Schliemann to be composed of seven. Secondly, let them remember that here the luxuriant improbabilities

of legends are more rampant than elsewhere, and the evils of over-localisation most in evidence; and that, therefore, they may do well to discard the services of any attendants in visiting such places as the Church of the Holy Sepulchre or Olivet, and to rely on their Bibles and their guide-books. Sentiment and reverence hardly survive the peregrination of a party hurried up by a guide who feels bound to narrate equally and simultaneously fact and fancy. Indeed, generally many will find the footsteps of the Master in the country and lose them in the towns.

On the site of the Temple there are now but Turkish buildings, including the magnificent erection commonly called the Mosque of Omar, although it is not a mosque or church, but only the Dome of the Rock, one of the most beautiful structures in the world. The Mohammedans have many fancies or legends concerning it. Here, they say, the Ark rested. Thither the dove brought a leaf from the Mount of Olives close by. Here Abraham was ready to sacrifice Isaac. Here Jacob lay and saw the vision. This stone in the middle, which gives, in their eyes, sanctity to the whole Temple area, was dedicated by Moses as the direction to be faced in prayer. Here, too,

on Mount Moriah (here we come to scriptural fact) was the threshing-floor of Araunah the Jebusite—high, that the wind might blow away the chaff, and with a cave, still seen beneath, for a store or hiding-place.

But one of their legends connected with the Sakrah (the Rock) is of touching interest. It tells of two brothers who owned the threshing-floor. After the division of corn, when both were sleeping there, as is the custom in their country, the elder, who was married, awoke, and reasoned thus: "After such a plentiful harvest I am indeed rich, having not only wife and children, but more than enough of corn to supply their needs, whereas my poor brother has neither wife nor child to cheer his loneliness. I must make it up to him in some way. At least, I can give him a bigger share of corn." And so he removed a quantity from his own heap to that of his brother. When the younger awoke soon after, and looked at his share of corn, he said to himself: "What shall I do with all this wheat? I have no one to help me eat it, and there is more than enough for me. My brother has a wife and family, and ought, therefore, to have a larger share; but if I suggested it, he would refuse, so I will give him secretly some of mine." In the morning,

both were surprised to see their corn as they had left it the night before ; but later on a prophet appeared, who told them what had passed in the night, and that GOD, Who knew of their kindly, brotherly feeling, had decided to make their threshing-floor the place of prayer for all the world.

Here, however, by the kindness of Bishop Blyth, many of us had one of his clergy as a guide to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and the Temple area, while to him and to the Patriarch of Jerusalem some dozen of us who were priests owed the highly valued privilege of celebrating the Holy Communion according to our own Liturgy in the Greek Chapel of Abraham, in the great church, and hard by the sites of the Crucifixion and the Resurrection. Three consecutive celebrations, indeed, we had one morning alone, and over forty communions were made under these memorable circumstances. With the stately and kindly Patriarch we had an interesting interview, the Archbishop of Tabor being our interpreter. We conversed much of the hopes of the reunion of Christendom and of our appreciation of his sympathy with Anglicans and his brotherly relations to Bishop Blyth. We were shown the original of the

*Didache*, and all—clerics, laymen, and ladies—were refreshed with Turkish delight and coffee in the usual dolls' tea-party cups, and presented with his Beatitude's photograph and a Bethlehem chaplet. Here let me transcribe in English the prayer which the Patriarch used as he knelt with us before parting—his "blessing to visitors asking for it":

"Almighty GOD, the Father of mercy and GOD of all request, these bowing to Thee their heads, bless, purify, defend, strengthen; from every wicked work withdraw and to every right action conjoin; make everything smooth to them according to the wants of each of them; to those navigating sail together, to those travelling attend, the diseased heal. As the source of all benignity is in Thee, and to Thee the FATHER, to the SON, and to the HOLY SPIRIT we send up the glory for ever. The grace of our LORD JESUS CHRIST, and the love of GOD and FATHER, and the communion of the HOLY SPIRIT may be with you. Amen."

This is, of course, his translation, as printed, of what is beautiful and majestic in Greek. *Pleousi sumpleuson, odoiporousi sunodeuson* would obviously be better rendered, "Sail Thou with those that

sail ; with wayfarers fare Thou." The beautiful and complete Cathedral and College of St. George, under Bishop Blyth, and his interesting schools, wherein Syrian lads and lasses are being taught in English ways by English ladies and gentlemen, should be visited, and it is astonishing that some guide-books—mine, for instance, issued by Cook—somewhat ignore them, while making more of C.M.S. and Lutheran work. Of Bethlehem (only a six-miles walk) one regrets to say that it was absolutely the most filthy of all places we visited ; but, on the other hand, the magnificent church which enshrines the site of the Nativity is the only one in the land that has not been destroyed by the Turks—miraculous preservation, said our Syrian guide. It dates in part back to Constantine's work in 330. The nave is roofed with English oak, given by our Edward IV., and it has magnificent mural mosaics, dating from 1169, which are Byzantine in character. Descending into the rock, we see what may well have been the cell and study of St. Jerome. Of Jericho and the Dead Sea all has been often said. It may, however, be noted that there is now a small hotel there, and that even last spring a certain man (the keeper of this house) went up from Jericho to Jerusalem and

fell among thieves, who departed leaving him wholly dead.

At last came the time to go, and passing under the cliff of Sion, on the plateau of which is the English cemetery (where I sought out the grave of a young priest who died during a trip like ours, leaving his body on the hill whereof the name means Expectation), we came to the station of Jerusalem, some mile outside the city. Thence, winding among hills—Samson's country—we soon saw what agricultural colonies, German and others, could effect by themselves, and by influencing native neighbours, in making a desert once more fertile and even umbrageous. Australian gum-trees gave us the only high timber we had seen, and the orange-groves near Jaffa flourish, increase, and are most profitable. And so we left the land unlike all others in the minds and hearts of men and holy to all of the three great religions—Christian, Jewish, and Mohammedan. Much to drop with advantage out of our memories; much to retain with profit. A land with capabilities as great as its past if only jealousy, and strife, and sloth, and venality, and oppression could be eliminated. Without touching on politics, I yet would say that all seemed discontented with Turkish government. Russia,

Germany, France, all covet the land; each is pouring in colonists and religious Orders. But the opinion of one of the most intelligent merchants was thus expressed: "We should like to see England move her stones to the north." He meant that they were watchful and envious of what the British Protectorate had achieved in Egypt, and wished that our influence could be extended to Palestine.

## CHAPTER VIII

### PARISH ORGANIZATION

BUT to return to Woolwich. I found at Holy Trinity what I had never known before—a mixed choir of ladies and gentlemen in a west gallery. It was a good one, and I felt no desire to alter the arrangement, especially as the building had no structural choir. They were enthusiastic and painstaking, but as all choirs have their special temptations, I drew up the following paper of cautions and reminders :

### PRINCIPLES

#### *A Church Choir is not—*

1. A body of musical people who are good enough to display their talent in church to the admiration of their friends and the increase of their own self-complacency.
2. Nor a society which any who can sing may join without reference to character or real membership of the Church.

3. Nor an instrument to relieve a congregation of the duty of joining audibly in public worship.

*But it is—*

4. As regards man, a body selected and appointed by authority, and privileged to discharge the honourable and responsible office of leading, with and under the clergy, the common prayer and praise of the congregation, and of helping them to reach after the ideal of perfection, in offering to GOD the worship of the lips and heart.

5. As regards the Church, it is a body of its non-commissioned officers detailed for a special work, and to be had in honour for that work's sake.

6. As regards GOD, it is a body that remembers and acts on the principle and the inspiring thought that the talents of its members are used for His glory, and not primarily for the pleasure and advantage of men.

*Bearing in mind the above principles, it is evident that—*

1. Vanity, self-seeking, or jealousy in the matter of the part taken by individuals in the work of the choir is morally a disqualification as great as the absence of sufficient musical knowledge or power.

2. Irreverence, unpunctuality, absence from duty without necessity ; or to seek admission to the choir, or to leave it without serious thought and due reason, argue a forgetfulness or despising of these principles.

3. In a rightly organized and healthy body, humility and mutual forbearance are as necessary as zeal and power, and obedience to authority as indispensable as individual exertion.

The congregation at Holy Trinity being a middle-class one mainly, I had no difficulty in obtaining the advantage of ladies as district visitors—wives or daughters of Arsenal officials or of tradesmen—and I missed them much when I was sent to Walworth, to a much larger parish, in which the middle class was entirely absent. Not to correct faults observed in them, but to warn them of mistakes or ignorances not unknown to those who are new at this useful pastoral work, I drew up the following :

#### DISTRICT VISITOR'S CREED

*I believe—*

That I am not merely an agent and collector of a thrift society.

That I am not merely an amateur assistant relieving-officer.

That I am not an incarnate and peripatetic weekly newsagency.

That I am not a lady who condescends to visit women; not a patroness, but a servant, of the poor.

That I am not too good or grand to visit any room or person in my district.

That I am not to help simply because I am asked, or to gain for myself or for the Church a reputation for liberality.

That I am not appointed to hear people's confessions—of the faults of their neighbours.

*And I believe—*

That I am a fellow-worker with CHRIST in His warfare against evil, and His promotion of more abundant life, light, peace, and joy.

That I am a worker for CHRIST, manifested in the persons of His needy and suffering members.

That I am a lay assistant-curate of the parish priest, and, to a certain extent, eyes, hands, feet, and tongue of him.

That my duty is to the whole of each of those I visit—not merely to bodies, nor merely to minds, nor to souls.

That I must therefore strive with each to lead the soul nearer to GOD or back to Him, and bring all to the Sacraments and other means of grace, being specially careful to ascertain that all children are baptized.

That the recommendation to go to church is very inoperative compared with the invitation to accompany me thither.

That I must acquaint myself with the essential laws of household health and sanitation, to be able to advise when ignorance or carelessness causes them to be broken.

That I must endeavour to make parents feel the selfishness and harmfulness of allowing their children to be absent from, or irregular at, day and Sunday school.

That I should do something to brighten, as well as to elevate, the lives of all.

As an instance of what I meant by brightening lives I may mention, because many might and some will follow my example in this respect, that at Woolwich I instituted what might perhaps be called a Carriage Mission, as Flower Missions and Seashell Missions are names not unknown, and suggestive of kindly thought and action. Finding how many in my slums never went out of

them, I used to hire a fly or waggonette and take the aged and the infirm out for a drive to the woods of Erith or to Chislehurst Common. Mounting the box as Jehu (minus the possibility of fury), I had a pallid convalescent boy perched on my right, a lanky crippled youth on my left, while into the pendulous lap of the vehicle behind there were crammed a blind man, a mother with her adhesive twins, a rheumatic washerwoman, a gouty ex-potboy, and Mrs. Gummidge from the almshouses. A little puzzled seem some of the friends I meet, a little supercilious others, as they survey the steed, the equipage, and the company therein. But for this one cares little, for each few yards is marked by some quaint remark or some question from old or young, which shows how, even in the near environs of their home, a new world is opening up to them. Suburban villadom has its own marvels and beauties for them; the forelawns seem spacious parks, and the gardens which speak to me only of florists' bedding-out at so much a yard, are to my friends behind as an artist's dream. Then you reach the real country, and there is a veritable haystack and here a pond with ducks. Can that be a rabbit, so unlike the red anatomies from Ostend that excite envy when it "doesn't run to it" on Saturday night in Gin

Lane ? Then arise from the female Nestors of the party rival reminiscences of the farm at which they were servants in a misty past, which recedes by alternate decades as each narrator strives to gain the vantage-ground of—"But you can't recollect that, my dear." Now put the children down to gather the wayside treasures of heather and bracken, of dandelion or moss. Stop that urchin who is about to gather a bunch of nettles as a backing for her flowers, in total ignorance of the impressive powers of *Urtica urens*. On that common let the old people stretch their limbs for awhile, and expand the Early English architecture of our steed by a few tufts of grass. Then homeward, ere it gets chilly, with the interior of the chariot resembling the home of a Jack-in-the-Green, from the bundles of miscellaneous vegetation borne in triumph by its occupants. Then home to the Dusthole ; but if we can drive up to the door of each drivee and let them descend in unwonted majesty from their own carriage, a finishing touch is put to the ecstasies of the afternoon. Thus for about ten pounds I gave country drives in the season to one hundred and twenty-three adults, thirty children, and twenty-three babies from my parish. One day the united ages of six giddy young things from the almshouses came to

four hundred and fifty-two years, and many of my friends, who on these occasions sat not under but behind me, had not seen the country or breathed the air of a hill for years, and had abandoned hope of doing so again. One old lady aged ninety, a few days before her death, dwelt on what seemed one of her happiest reminiscences—that she had had five drives with me that year.

“She”—this word will show that, though necessarily in a place like Woolwich, and for one indirectly connected with the Arsenal, men bulked largest in thought and action, I did not neglect the women and children, as one parishioner thought. A frequently intoxicated person, whose home was therefore a misery and a disgrace, she applied to the C.O.S. for help! When told they would inquire of me as her parish priest, she said: “Don’t you go to Mr. Horsley; he ain’t no ladies’ man.” This might have a substratum of truth; but it was unkind on her part, as on the previous Saturday night, while she lay drunk on the floor, I had watched by her and looked after her children in order that her husband, an Arsenal workman, might go out and do the necessary shopping, for which occupation the lady was temporarily incapacitated.

At Woolwich it was that I had the first oppor-

tunity of sending slum-children into the country, or even to the seaside, for a holiday of two or three weeks during the summer recess of the schools. There was a large Board-school in my parish, of which I was one of the managers, and, indeed, the one most frequently seen there as a visitor, insomuch that when the headmaster had been giving a lesson on the government of the country, and proceeded to test the memories of the children by some simple questions, one of which was, "Who is the Prime Minister?" he received the unexpected answer, "Mr. 'Orsley." Thenceforth, and for over twenty years, it has been my joy to send over a hundred urchins a year into some country village in Berks, or Bucks, or Kent, or even to the seaside at Southampton or Dover. This has been possible mainly by the aid of the gracious and beneficent friend, known first as Lady Jeune and now as Lady St. Heliers, whose fund leaves matters to the discretion of those to whom grants are made, without the C.O.S.-oid fussiness and case-paper worship that one often notices in the operations of the great Country Holiday Fund, which is sometimes credited with all the work of this kind done in London. Delightful it is to convey a party of excited children across London, and to see them start from

Paddington on the railway journey so rare and so dear to them ; and still more delightful to see them return, brown and vigorous, laden with bunches of flowers for "muvver," potatoes, apples, wheat, eggs, and perhaps even a rabbit.

Not, however, that all are capable of appreciating the country, with its oppressive silence and appalling darkness at night, its language unintelligible because not Cockney, the nakedness of the land as regards shop-windows, cinematographs, and the frequent "something up" of the Walworth Road. Taking a "school treat" once to Epsom Downs, while I was rejoicing in the air, the panorama, and the chalk flora, I found two of my lambs in tears. "What is the matter, Tommy and Polly?" "Ain't no shops!" was the answer. At another time, accosting a boy just back from the country holiday, I asked him what he thought of it. "Beastly!" was his reply. "What do you mean, Tommy? I wish I could have been with you myself." "No rows, no fights, no funerals—no nothing!" was his comprehensive indictment of the peaceful paradise of the village. Another small boy from one of the slummiest streets and poorest homes in my parish came home by himself when only half of his time was up. "What is this about, Georgie?" "The grub," he whined.

“What about the grub?” “Why, the lydy giv me cold mutton and potatoes!” “Just what I am going to have presently for dinner,” I said. But then the pathetic truth dawned upon me that in his home there had never been pence enough to buy so much meat at a time that any could be eaten cold next day, and so the cold shoulder was as unpleasant and suggestive of garbage as I had sometimes found our good wholemeal bread in prison to be despised by some pampered footman who had found his way thither, and “couldn’t eat that muck!” To many of the children, of course, the country is a revelation, a wonder, and a joy ; but many require to be taught how to see and even how to play, especially before the recent advantages of Nature-teaching and recreative evenings which have been such boons to the little ones in our elementary schools. The Vicar of Lydden, near Dover, met a group of my children who were temporarily boarded out under his kindly supervision. They seemed rather bored and unoccupied, and he suggested cricket in a field. The back-street children turned up their noses at his ignorance of the necessities of the game. “Ain’t no lamp-posts!” they said, remembering the usual wickets of their Egypt.

In some schools the excellent plan is adopted

of giving the expectant children some talks on the common objects of the country which they are likely to see ; better still if some kindly person in the place to which they go could always be found to take them for a walk of exploration and observation. One boy I remember, on being shown a looping caterpillar on a gooseberry bush, took it for the fruit, and said : “ Eh, how fast ’em grows ! ” But it was an adult who, on one of the country walks I usually organize for our young folk on Bank Holidays, as we passed through a field of oats, remarked : “ My ! here’s green shrimps a-growing ! ” This found its way to *Punch* ; but I rejoiced in the unusual power of observation which discerned the likeness between awns and antennæ. Another nice young woman, a barmaid in Walworth, drew my attention to “ such a curious machine ” lying by the path. It was an ordinary plough. A choir-boy whom I took to Dover asked, as he stood on the Admiralty Pier, and had his first glimpse of the sea, “ Is this where they grows Tidman’s Sea-Salt ? ” (N.B.—This was before the recent commercial development of the once beautiful bay, and what met his eyes was not so suggestive of a factory pond as it is now.) I may perhaps here quote what I once wrote round a somewhat similar

incident, with the intention of suggesting to all who can obtain and enjoy a country seaside holiday that they should do something towards giving a similar blessing to the school child, the factory girl, the home-martyred "muvver" from some city slum :

" I never saw enough of anything before !"

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

So sighed in wonder on the ocean's marge  
 A London child, slum-born, slum-bred, whom love  
 Had brought to make rare holiday afar  
 From the mean mazes of unlovely streets,  
 Where nothing breaks the drab monotony,  
 Save where a quarrel shrills, and eager ears  
 Of circling children thirstily absorb  
 The foul vituperation of the drunk ;  
 Or, happier time, when strident organ grinds  
 Its dancesome melody, and ill-clad feet  
 And slattern garments wave in gracefulness,  
 Born seemingly of other lands and life ;  
 Or, ecstasy infrequent, when kind Punch,  
 Regardless of the rarity of coin,  
 Blends humour most intelligible with  
 His crimes which we believe not nor condemn.  
 Elsewise what change, what novelty, to stir  
 The yearning receptivity of heart ?  
 Her home the one back room, dingy, unkempt,  
 Full-filled, that never loses memory  
 Of unctuous meal and frowsy bed. Beneath,  
 Hardly two fathom square, extends the yard  
 Where flapping tatters woo the frequent smut  
 And partly veil the view of rabbit-hutch

And dustbin. Nearly thirty feet away  
See the far distance of the next street's back.  
Enough of anything? Why, every breath  
Is but the refuse of another's lungs,  
Living three hundred to the acre, packed  
Three families in four-roomed house. The meal,  
To give the brain its vigour for the school,  
Bread with a smear of margarine. Enough  
Of work for father? Nay, his casual toil,  
Odd jobs, with weary wistful intervals,  
The shilling now and then when mother chars,  
Make all things ever scant. Enough of clothes?  
Bought after doubt whether upon this stall  
They should be sold as rags, or upon that as garb.  
Content is but dull acquiescence here;  
And ignorance of beauty spells not bliss,  
Nor scant existence life. Yet even here  
The peeping power and hope of larger life  
(Inheritance of rural ancestors?)  
Not wholly dormant as a wintering seed  
Gives wondering glimpse of possibilities  
When sea or woods are seen, and grass  
Is more than "what you 'as to keep off." Now,  
Silent before the novel mystery  
Of sparkling, heaving sea, that, rising, meets  
But is not bounded by the sky, awhile  
She ponders, till with speech that moves to tears  
Those who regard the pathos in its depth,  
Not but the quaintness of its form, she sighs,  
"I never saw enough of anything before!"

O ye, whose life has suffered, if at all,  
Rather from fulness and variety,  
Perpend her words, plaint and *Te Deum* both,

And let your light illuminate the dark,  
“That thou mayest shake the superflux to them,  
And show the heavens more just.” Your choicest room,  
Your garden, fill sometimes with wide-eyed guests,  
Blessing and blest from out the city slum.  
Come not with fitful patronage to them,  
But ope your heart and home. And when you breathe  
A freer air and know the long delight  
Of holiday and change, let it be sanctified  
By knowledge that a tithe was left behind  
To make at least one day of ecstasy,  
Still more the country holiday, a joy  
And schooling in the new experience  
Of what is large, and clean, and beautiful,  
For those—and most the little ones—who knew  
Never enough of anything at home.

While at Woolwich there came to me the greatest blow a man can know—the loss of my dear wife. I only allude to this personal matter in order that I may quote the letters of two revered Bishops, which will show how they have and exercise a very definite pastoral work in spite of being overdone with official duties. The passing to Paradise was on May 17, 1890, and this letter from Bishop Thorold is dated May 19:

“MY DEAR BROTHER,

“No words I can find express what I feel for you—but it does not matter. Just now no

words can help your stunned heart. You don't, can't, know what it means. Your LORD knows, and He stands over you, watching you, and hoping that you will trust Him in all. Do not (you will not) regard it as a sign of unaccepted labour; rather of a purpose to fit you for more and more, through an enlarged capacity for His grace. Ask for His Presence, and that your faith may not fail, and that you may be able to cast on His strong, kind arms your motherless children. He will provide, but He wants to make His way plain—yours is very plain. 'Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him.'

"Be assured of my prayers, and of those of thousands.

"Yours in affectionate sympathy,

"A. W. ROFFEN.

"SELSDEN PARK, CROYDON."

The other was from our old friend Bishop Corfe, who wrote:

"I have not had a day or an hour to myself since last we met, and thought outside my immediate duty seemed paralysed. I was day by day more ashamed of myself to find that I could not think myself into words which

would express what I felt about my dear sister who is with GOD. But certainly you must not think that Korea has made me an altered man, or blunted my affection either for her—dear soul—or for you and the dear bairns. She was, as you know, one of my examples, the sweetness of whose life, mingled with her devotion to duty, I delighted to witness and ever strive to follow. The patience and faith of her womanhood was but the continuation of the patience and faith of her childhood, when she was ever the little mother of her younger brothers and sisters. You found—and have not lost either—a treasure in her, unchangeable in her high principle and in the humble conceit of herself all through the twenty-five years that I have known her. There was one text that she used always to be quoting to me and longing to apply more and more to herself: ‘I am small and of no reputation, yet do I not forget Thy commandments.’ I think I may say that for many years I have never heard or read that verse without thinking of her and how exactly, and yet all unrealised by herself, the words describe her sweet character.”

Those who know the Bishop will know how excellently he is fitted to be a judge of spiritual

character, and therefore what is the real value of this testimony. One of her last joys on earth was to be present at his consecration as Bishop in Westminster Abbey, and had she known that she was soon to pass away it would have been a joy again to have known that he would come, as he did, to celebrate the Holy Communion at her funeral. The only beautiful thing in Holy Trinity Church is a marble font erected to her memory.

## CHAPTER IX

### GUARDIANSHIP AND REFORMS

IT was in Woolwich that I first became, in the technical sense of the word, a Guardian of the Poor, a title which angels might envy, though perhaps they have a higher right to it than men ever gain. In other countries men make large professions of socialism, but practise it little; in England, with no profession, and even an irrational fear of what some make a bogey word, we get it on a large scale by our Poor Law system. In the matters of the relief and housing of the destitute and the entire care of the children of the State, as I prefer to call those who are commonly designated pauper children, England, happily, avails itself of the labours of volunteers, and thus imparts the element of humanity and brotherhood into a system which, if administered solely by the State, would be chillingly and crushingly of cast-iron. Previously, as Clerical Secretary of the Waifs and Strays Society, I had

much to do with Local Government Board work and with Guardians in all parts of England and Wales, and had made a special study of the ways of cutting off the supplies of pauperism, doing justice, and decreasing expenditure, by giving all orphan or deserted children in workhouse establishments a natural life and training by boarding them out or placing them in small voluntary homes, or by emigration. But now I was asked to become a Guardian, and gained a seat on the Board, which I held until my removal to Walworth, where I was at once elected on another Board, and for ten years was Chairman of the Newington Workhouse, which contains over twelve hundred inmates, mainly aged and infirm.

Not in all cases are Guardians what they might be. I have known vanity, the desire to promote jobbery, or political or religious partisanship, to have been the real reason for some seeking election ; but it is an unjustifiable libel to maintain that such are in a majority. True also it is that there has been more need for workhouse than for prison reform. The prison, at any rate, is not so responsible for degeneracy and hereditary pauperism and industrial incompetence as is the Poor Law, for it has not had the upbringing and education

of myriads of children. Especially had I noted, as a prison chaplain and as honorary chaplain to a home for fallen women, the effect on many girls of institutional training under the Poor Law. To the wrath of some whose position seemed to be, "I am a manager of these schools, and therefore there can be nothing wrong in their methods or unsatisfactory in their results," I had written in my "Jottings from Jail" in 1887: "When will people understand that no list of the causes of hereditary pauperism, of crime and of prostitution, would be complete or honest which did not include the workhouse-training of the young, and especially of girls? The type is so distinct that, when one knows one, all are known. Backboneless, without ambition or the very idea of self-respect; quiet enough and well-behaved when propped up by the four walls of a cell, but flopping down like a dropsical or rickety babe as soon as that support is withdrawn; varying only the dreariness of their existence by a fit of sulks or some act that is evidence of a suicidal tendency; opposing to the most kindly and well-considered efforts for their animation and elevation only the *vis inertiae* of an apathetic sloth." True, much has been achieved to improve institutional conditions—much by the shepherding of the Metropolitan

Association for Befriending Young Servants ; but the evil of institutionalism is so ingrained that mitigation, rather than cure, can only be expected.

So, later, when I first visited the Banstead Schools, to which Woolwich girls were sent, I found, and drew the attention of the Board to, such points as : "No swings, seesaws, or appliances for the amusement and physical development of the children. One girl I saw with a skipping-rope and two with a ball." "All monotonously uniformed. When dress-stuff for six hundred girls has to be bought, why need it be all of one colour?" "Ninety girls in one classroom—perforce nudging their neighbours with their elbows as they wrote." "Ventilating-tubes in the dormitories inoperative." "In one dormitory the wall very damp." "Nightgowns had but recently been provided." "No toothbrush discoverable in the institution." "Walls dreary from want of pictures." "Library meagre, unattractive, and little known of by the children." "Provision against fire inadequate : no hydrant in administrative block ; no filled buckets in laundry, kitchen, or infirmary." Much minor reform was achieved in the next decade, but both the reports of the Poor Law Commission in 1909 speak of

“institutionalism” as a necessary disease of these barrack schools.

Reform is now in the air, and, more, is inevitable. The superabundance of suggestions made by the Commission, and, above all, the antagonism of the upholders of the Majority and of the Minority reports, will not tend to speedy reform except of a piecemeal character ; and, personally, after careful study and hearing lectures from Commissioners on both sides, I find more reason to follow the conservative reforms from within advocated under the great authority of the Right Hon. John Burns and Charles Booth, Mrs. Octavia Hill, and Dr. Downes, a quartette possessed, perhaps, of more personal and practical knowledge of the problem than any other four Commissioners on the one side or the other. Both reports seem to me faulty in three respects—as being ungenerous towards the great work Boards of Guardians have already done ; disingenuous as representing the old and small workhouse as a type of most at the present day ; and anti-democratic as abolishing popular election and direct representation. Both agree to some extent while their proposals are destructive, but become separate, and even antagonistic, when attempting to be constructive. What else could be expected

while the Commission held such typical and utter Individualists on the one side and Socialists on the other as it did? The Right Hon. Charles Booth, in his dissentient memorandum, does not so gaily abolish Boards of Guardians, and thereby enormously increase officials, officialism, and expense, but would leaven Boards by representatives appointed by Government. His main desiderata are larger areas of administration, complete institutional organization, more control over the coming in and going out of inmates, closer restriction and more uniform administration of out-relief, and the recognition of distinct spheres of work for the Poor Law, Public Health, and voluntary action in matters of sickness or lunacy. But, in any case, it must be remembered that it is the child that matters to the State, and that the supplies of pauperism can be cut off both more easily and more cheaply than pauperism, as it exists, can be cured.

From my later, and larger, and longer experience as a guardian when in Walworth, I may quote the result of a special investigation which had much bearing on the State Pension question. A writer in the *Westminster Gazette* struck an interesting vein when he tried to discover the sentiments and thoughts of the man in the pub

and the man in the club. It is well to know what people are saying, even if their utterances are utterly wrong. He inquired in a Labour club as to whether a state pension of five shillings a week would be of much use to the penniless aged. The working men "smiled, and assured me that the great bulk of the aged poor have relatives who cannot afford to keep them, but would gladly do so if five shillings a week were added to the domestic income." This is a specimen of the delightfully simple explanation of a problem that occurs to a doctrinaire or to one who generalises from single instances or insufficient data. Were it true, Guardians of the Poor would thankfully as economists reduce the excessive pressure on their workhouses, and reduce by two-thirds their expenditure on many of their cases, by giving five shillings out-relief to "the great bulk" of the aged inmates of these Poor Law establishments. Even as economists they would do this, or be forced to do it by external opinion; but as philanthropists they would need no pressure, nor the inducement of monetary gain, if the old folk could demonstrably be happy and well cared for outside.

Let us, however, come to facts. I was chairman of the Newington Workhouse, in which there

were some 1,200 men and women, aged or infirm. The idea that philanthropy and economy combined to suggest the removal from our walls of all the aged who had friends to care for them if five shillings a week was guaranteed by the guardians, was pressed upon us. We were fortunate in securing the services of a lady who had studied such questions in this and several other countries, and we gave her *carte blanche* to hold an exhaustive enquiry with all the aid that our books and our officers could give her, into the domestic circumstances of all who were sixty-five and upwards. The inquiry lasted for a fortnight, and I have before me the report which I afterwards presented to the Board.

With regard to the aged female inmates, there were 437 of them. Of these 239 were too infirm (many bedridden) to live with their relations, if such relations existed and were willing to receive them. Of the remaining 198, sixty-two had not, so far as they knew, a single relation in the world, and thirty-four more had only relations of whom they had not heard for years, or who were themselves "paupers." Thus, only 102, or not a quarter of the whole, had practically any relations or friends, and when we made particular enquiry we found that in eighty-six cases these were unable

or unwilling to provide a home even if the old lady came with five shillings a week. We therefore came down to sixteen women who had, or believed they had, relations and a home ready for them outside. One of these, however, was not at all a person to whom money could be given. Fifteen out of 437 is a different matter to the "great bulk" of the artisans' imagination, and my impression is that when we set the relieving officers to work on the list of the fifteen possibles, they were reduced almost to zero. All of us were surprised at the result; those, however, who had most external knowledge of the conditions of life amongst the aged poor were not very much surprised. All were disappointed, for we should from every point of view have desired the kindly and lucrative exodus. Further, among the 288 men over sixty-five years of age in the same workhouse, our investigator could only find 100 who were not obviously too infirm to be removed; and of these forty-one were practically alone in the world. Fifty-nine had relations outside, but only ten claimed to have those with whom they could live. These ten were further reduced by at least four, whose habits were such that they were safer inside than outside. Not that even this was the irreducible minimum, for when we set the relieving

officers to work on the cases that remained, we found that by no means all the friends who were able were also willing to receive their aged relatives—sometimes from an excuse, sometimes for a reason.

I therefore drew the following morals :

1. Don't generalise on assumptions and imaginations.

2. Don't think that five shillings a week pension will draw many out of the Poor Law institutions, although it will (it now does) stop some from coming in.

3. More knowledge of facts will increase our sympathy with the utter friendlessness of "the great bulk of the aged poor."

I feel that I ought not to omit something that marked my departure from Woolwich, although the words I have to quote are occasionally too laudatory as regards myself, and too unrestrained as regards those against whose action or inaction I had to protest and fight. At a public meeting in Woolwich, after a London Reform Union lecture by Mr. Thomas Lough, M.P. (an old neighbour and friend of mine at Bedford Park), the following illuminated address was read and presented :

*“Farewell Address of the United Trade, Labour, Friendly, and Temperance Societies of Plumstead, Woolwich, Charlton and District, to the Rev. J. W. Horsley, M.A., Vicar of Holy Trinity, Woolwich, on the occasion of his Departure to St. Peter’s, Walworth.*

“FRIEND AND FELLOW-CITIZEN,

“We of the wage-earning class, representing many thousand wealth-producers of this district, desire at this juncture to testify to you our recognition of the many valuable services rendered by you to our class during your residence among us.

“Our thanks are due to you, and are hereby gratefully accorded, for your acts as a public servant—not simply as a minister of religion, but for your great moral courage in denouncing wrong and injustice, wheresoever discovered, and those responsible therefor, whomsoever they might be, without taking thought whether such denunciation prejudiced you in the eyes of the classes who live more on labour than by it.

“In your indifference to consequences, as applied to yourself, you have not shrunk, as mere professors shrink, from attacking the concrete causes of the great social, moral, physical, and mental degradation and disease, the appalling evidences of which are everywhere visible.

“We feel that the individual possessing the independence and boldness of character necessary to attack such causes, has his full reward in the knowledge that his action meets with the approbation of the people.

“Your name, Sir, has been a terror to slum-owners, rack-renters, and other exploiters of the poorest, and therefore most defenceless, of our class, who, by their insanitary death-traps and sweating proclivities, induce conditions which result in crime and lunacy, disease and premature death.

“The prey of these harpies—the democracy (whose span of life averages but twenty-seven years, in sharp contrast to the classes whose average is fifty-six), who, through no fault of their own, are forced to drag out a weary and painful existence under these direful evils—the outcome of the present unsocial system—applaud you for the courageous declaration made in your farewell sermon of January 14, 1894—viz., that never would you confine yourself to spiritual duties whilst the people were in squalor and misery; and emphatically endorse your statement that ‘to preach temperance, sobriety, and chastity to dwellers in insanitary dens, without attempting to ameliorate their condition, is a canting absurdity.’

“ In improved sanitation, followed by a greatly reduced death-rate, and in municipal progress generally, we witness a tangible result of your campaign against do-nothing authorities, who, too frequently, are chiefly concerned in advancing their own selfish interests.

“ We trust that our combined support and good wishes will help to cheer and sustain you in your new field of labour, wherein we feel assured that, hand to plough, you will continue to turn up and expose to the fierce light of the public gaze vileness and iniquity which can only thrive when hidden.

“ May this address to you demonstrate that the democracy are not unmindful of real unselfishness and unswerving nobility of purpose—that the memories of those who truly serve them are cherished by them.

“ We conclude by saying, ‘ Well done, thou good and faithful servant ’; good-bye.

“ On behalf of the united Committee,

“ HUGH ROSS GREEN (*Chairman*),

WILLIAM PUDNEY (*Secretary*),

THOMAS ADAMS, ROBERT J. BOURNE,

HENRY J. MAY (*Address Committee*).

*February 15, 1894.*”

In the course of my reply I see that I said :

“ You thank me, and I thank you. Between the ‘ Ta,’ as sometimes the first word of infancy, and the voiceless eloquence of the dying pressure of the hand, man lives. Between these two periods of life ingratitude is the least popular, though not the least common vice. . . . I thank you for feeling that I wanted no tangible ‘ reward.’ The ‘ reward for honesty ’ rather presupposes astonishment that a man has been honest. Any reward worth having is like a man’s shadow—let him pursue it, and it flees from him ; let him shrink from it, and it pursues him. . . . I thank you for the trust that, with but a few exceptions, has come from the working class alone. Whilst others instinctively, consistently, and persistently suspected and attributed mean motives for all my acts or thoughts, you as a class—you, with no exception known to me—practically said : ‘ We believe his motives to be pure, his words the honest expression of what he feels.’ All the more valued is this trust because one of your class faults is want of trust of your fellows, of your elected leaders, and of anyone who will not take with you every step or pronounce each syllable of the political or social creed of the

moment. . . . Friends and fellow-citizens, my sole ambition has been to be of use and to right the wronged. I have been among you with no desire, no qualifications, no request, to become a demagogue or leader of the people. But when you are universally fitted to rule as a democracy, then from your own ranks will the best demagogues come, and they with you, and you with them, will be invincible—for you will be always battling for the right.”

Bishop Thorold of Rochester spoke for the poor likes of me, but not, I fear, for the superior parsons who neither take part in social reforms and local self-government nor see that their laity do so, when he said at the Wakefield Church Congress: “We recognise, welcome, and proclaim a salvation for both worlds, and for body as well as spirit, and for time as well as for eternity, and for weekday as well as for Sunday—a salvation which shall diminish social burdens, make food cheap, literature clean, house-room decent, schooling complete—a salvation which shall open up to the artisan in the town, and to the labourer in the village, that door of hope or material progress which gives such a spring of action to us in our own rank, and which, for them, might vastly help to heal that brooding discontent against God and

their neighbour which breeds atheists and nurses revolution."

With regard to the cardinal virtue of Prudence—Providence—which includes Thrift, I found it desirable at Woolwich to direct the attention of working men to their local friendly societies, and to the desirability not only of joining one, but of knowing more than they usually did about the characteristics and the solvency of any particular lodge, court, or branch they thought of joining. As chairman, from its foundation in 1881, of the Clergy Friendly Society, which was formed largely on the model of the Manchester Unity, I had investigated the more common causes of financial instability, apart from any general desire to promote thrift and to decrease the excessive expenditure in drinking, or betting, or extravagance, which causes so many thousands of the poorer classes to be shipwrecked directly the first rough weather of sickness, or slackness of work, or old age come on. And even amongst those who were thrifty and provident I found certain common ignorances or mistakes, such as—(1) allowing men to belong to so many friendly societies that more money came in during sickness than in health, and thereby an inducement arose to that malingering for which every actuary has to make allowance

in drawing up a "table of contributions"; (2) forgetting that, as a rule, low contributions mean financial unsoundness (competing societies in the same locality strive to undersell rivals by a lower rate of contribution or a higher rate of sick-pay); then (3) the most common fault of neglecting to inquire for and to study the last quinquennial valuation as the best, and often the only, fair test of stability; also (4) omitting to ascertain before joining whether contributions were adequately graded according to age and fairly proportioned (where contributions are uniform—except in clubs that share out every year, and give no assurance of continuing to exist more than a year—insolvency is assured); lastly (5), not inquiring as to efficient management, with special reference to the strict supervision of sick-claims, and to the remunerative character of investments. I found that some local societies were getting under 2 per cent. for their investments!

Of course, the condition of affairs I found, and to which I drew public attention, is now, happily, mainly a thing of the past, and friendly societies in the last twenty years have made wise, valiant, and self-denying efforts to remove the causes of weakness. But when I moved in the matter, on the published Report on the Quinquennial Valua-

tion of the South London Courts of the Ancient Order of Foresters, I found that the solvency of the District Funeral Funds, taken together, was only 17s. 11d. in the £—that is, their assets were less than their liabilities by 10·4 per cent. Further, the carefully-drawn comparative table, which gave the liabilities and assets on all the funds of all the courts, showed that twelve courts only of the fifty-seven then possessed surpluses—*i.e.*, were worth more than 20s. in the £; twenty-two exhibited a relative degree of solvency of from 17s. 6d. to 20s. in the £; sixteen could only have paid, if wound up, from 15s. to 17s. 6d.; while seven could not even pay 15s. in the £, and should therefore have been called upon to adopt a better scale, or have been expelled from the Order. I found, indeed, that thirty-one courts had less deficiencies then than they had five years ago; but nine courts had not improved their position, and in seventeen courts the deficiencies had increased, in spite of what was shown before to be their unsound state. Restricting my view for the moment to the ten courts in Woolwich, I found while one (rightly named the “Pride of Woolwich”) could pay 27s. 9d. in the £, another could only pay 14s. 2d.; seven were insolvent, three solvent, by this test. Then I took the six

Plumstead courts, and found the best could only pay 19s. 1d., while the worst had 13s. 2d. as its figure. No doubt long ago these matters have been rectified, but I state what I found in 1893. The ignorant would naturally be attracted to the body which offered the largest amount of sick-pay. I found that some offered 10s., some 16s. Ten shillings experience had shown to be adequate and prudent ; but nineteen courts promised 12s. a week, and of these, two were sound by the quinquennial test and seventeen unsound, while of those which offered 14s., eight were sound and twenty-one unsound. Here, however, so many other considerations come in—as to subsequent pay, whether pay ceases at all or not, the rate of interest on investments, and so forth—that no really valid deductions can perhaps be drawn, though the well-informed would probably rather have 12s. than 14s. sick-pay, considering that soundness would generally follow the lower, and not the higher rate.

Now that great national schemes of insurance are on the carpet, greater confidence in benefit societies and much greater use of them will no doubt accrue, even if the compulsory thrift which I should desire does not soon bring England in this respect up to the level of some other

countries; but anyone with experience as a Guardian, or as a member of a distress committee, will know how fatally common is the neglect of any thrift or insurance (except for funeral expenses), and how common it is to find that to drop the payment to the friendly society is about the first retrenchment of expense to be made when earnings are less or the desire for beer or betting increases. How much the clergy might do to promote thrift if they had more studied the question and were qualified to help the younger men and women to select a good club or court, and not merely vaguely to advise providence; how much benefit would also accrue if they were the more forward to provide accommodation for the meeting of societies, and so to help towards the extinction of the "wet clubs" which meet in public-houses, and to join some friendly society as active members. As I write these lines I am on my sick-club (the Clergy Friendly Society, Church House, Westminster), and I have always found the advantage in parochial work of being able to say to a sick man, not "Why have you not joined a club?" but "When I am laid up I draw my sick-pay from my club; are you doing this?"

Having been a frequent speaker and writer

against the increasing evil of betting on horse-races as it affects the working classes, who can least have any special knowledge concerning race-horses and least money to waste in this way, and being an active member of the executive of the Anti-Gambling League, I might say much on the matter, but it occurs to me that to transcribe a cutting from the *Star* would somewhat picturesquely show what I feel on the matter. It runs thus :

“ An outspoken protest against the example of the aristocracy and the influence of the sporting prophet was the feature of yesterday’s sitting of the Lords’ Committee on Betting. The Rev. J. W. Horsley was in the witness-chair. To the leading questions of Lord Aberdeen he told of his chaplaincy of Clerkenwell Gaol, where a hundred thousand prisoners passed through his hands, and of his long ministration in working-class parishes. The result of his experience was that betting had frequently been the original cause of the trouble in which criminals found themselves. Betting was on the increase during his chaplaincy, and he was told that the evil still progressed.

“ “ What is the cause of this ? ” queried Lord Aberdeen.

“ “ The two great incitements are the aris-

tocracy and the sporting prophets. To be "as drunk as a lord" used to be a popular phrase; and drunkenness increased among the poor,' added the reverend gentleman, hurriedly, to the semicircle of noble lords, who looked shocked, while the Press smiled. 'Nearly all the vices of the men I have met have been derived from above. The working man says, "It's a grand thing to have a champagne luncheon; therefore I must have beer"; or, "It's a grand thing to be a lord and bet fifty thousand pounds; therefore I must have my half-crown on." If one man were to say to-morrow, "I will not go to any race meeting where betting is allowed," the evil would soon disappear.'

" 'I don't follow—one man?' said Lord Aberdeen.

" 'I don't mean one man individually—I mean one particular man.'

" Noble lords looked as if they didn't want to press the matter further. But none spoke, so the witness clinched the matter bluntly by saying :

" 'I mean the King. When you try to persuade men to give up betting they say, "What does he do? He bets!"

" Mr. Horsley was forthwith switched on to the sporting prophets.

" 'If you stop them being employed by other-

wise respectable papers, you will do a great deal to put down betting.' Their unreliableness is appalling, according to Mr. Horsley. He cited four races for which the prophets selected forty horses as likely to win. Out of these there were forty wrong prophecies. The most favourable analysis he had ever seen came to him that morning. Sixty-eight prophecies were given, of which seventeen were right and fifty-one wrong. He worked out, as a result of investigations spread over many years, that it was about seven to one against the sporting prophet being right. He found that six sporting papers in one month gave eight hundred and eight horses to win, out of which seven hundred and seventy-seven lost. One advertising tipster, he thought, did less harm than the expert employed by the papers, because the man who believed in him deserved to lose. It was the expert of otherwise respectable papers like the *Standard* that he would like to see deposed.

" 'From what class of papers do you collect your statistics, Mr. Horsley?' asked the Bishop of Hereford.

" 'Every paper, except the *Daily News*. But the gentleman who illuminates me in the matter every morning is "Uno," in the *Morning Leader*. I am glad he doesn't call himself "Ino"!' "

“At which the noble lords fairly bubbled over with merriment.”

Nothing but legislation (the Shop Hours Act for a beginning) will ever cure an evil for which the working classes are chiefly responsible—that, namely, of unnecessary late shopping, with its various bad consequences. Competition makes selfish cowards of tradesmen, who know well that shorter hours of business would be good for all and harmful to none, and yet are so afraid of a neighbour making fourpence while they make threepence, that they will not take a step of which their reason and conscience approve until they are assured that all others in their trade will do the same. And often when that general consent has been gained, someone backs out of the agreement, and then one by one the others make that an excuse for a relapse. But one can do something to form public opinion on the matter, and especially to shame the carelessness of working men and their wives, who are mainly responsible for the long hours of labour they enforce upon the white slaves of the counter or the bar, even when, as at Woolwich, their agitation has gained an eight-hours day of labour for themselves. Therefore I printed and circulated in Woolwich and elsewhere the following placard :

## WORKING MEN!

DO AS YOU WOULD BE DONE BY.

---

## A WEEKLY HALF-HOLIDAY

is good for all, and most of you have one.

## WHY ARE YOU SWEATERS

by hindering Tradesmen and Shop-Assistants from having one?

## THE THURSDAY HALF-HOLIDAY

is nearly universal here; it rests with you to make it wholly so. If your wives were taught and encouraged to

## NEVER SHOP AFTER 2 P.M. ON THURSDAYS,

Tradesmen who have done well in closing early would be encouraged, and the timorous or selfish would find that they lost, instead of gaining, money by longer hours.

Some will say: Boycott those who will not aid this movement.

Most will say: Deal chiefly with those who do.

## Again:

Most of you leave off work early on Saturday. Many of you want an Eight Hours Act. Why, then, force shopmen to work Sixteen hours on Saturday? Who crowd the streets till midnight on Saturday? Not the middle-class; not the few whose husbands are not paid until Saturday evening; but mainly the wives of Arsenal men who have been paid on Friday, and would be furious if asked to work double hours, for no more pay, on Saturdays.

WHAT DO YOU GET FOR YOUR MONEY BY LATE SHOPPING?

A BAD CONSCIENCE AS WELL AS GOODS!

BLOODGUILTINESS AS WELL AS BARGAINS!

Sunday! How could it be the holy-day or the holiday it should be to you if you were kept on your legs in a gassy shop till past midnight on Saturday?

Again :

Who wants to have no weekly day of rest? Who would keep a shop open on Sunday unless he were forced by customers or competitors? But no customers would mean no competitors; therefore those who have a day of rest are those who most force others not to have one.

IS SUNDAY TRADING NECESSARY?

Can the Sunday cigar not be bought on Saturday? Can you not buy the children's sweets (the sweeter as coming directly from the father's hand) on Saturday, and so avoid rearing up a selfish generation ready to deprive others of rest rather than have either forethought or self-denial?

### WORKING MEN!

You claim and value freedom, but deprive others of it. Much good to others, no harm to yourselves, would ensue if you made it a rule to—

1. NEVER SHOP AFTER 2 P.M. ON THURSDAYS.
2. NOR AFTER 8 P.M. ON SATURDAYS.
3. NOR AT ALL ON SUNDAYS.

## CHAPTER X

### FREEMASONRY

My father, I find by his certificate, became a Freemason when an undergraduate at Oxford, but I did not follow him in this respect until February 8, 1891, when I was initiated in the Pattison Lodge at Woolwich, and became its chaplain and almoner, and in the following year I became chaplain, as I still am, of the Saye and Sele Lodge, meeting at Belvedere. Attracted much by the literary and antiquarian side of the Craft, I borrowed, directly I was initiated, the three volumes of Gould's "History of Freemasonry," and studied it carefully. As a result, I joined, directly I was a Master Mason, the Quatuor Coronati Lodge, which devotes itself entirely to the historical and antiquarian side, and has a membership of over three thousand, scattered all over the world, though having its headquarters and its excellent Masonic library and museum in London. In 1896 I received the honour of being

elected into its Inner Circle, composed of those who were known as Masonic students and writers. Here I found myself in close brotherhood with such men—distinguished not only in Masonry—as General Sir Charles Warren, R. F. Gould, the Masonic historian, Professor Hayter Lewis, Dr. Wynn Westcott, Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, the Rev. C. J. Ball, the great Hebrew scholar, Admiral Sir A. H. Markham, and last, but not least, our consecutive secretaries, Speth, Rylands, and Longhurst, to whom the invention, the development, and the greatness of the Lodge, with its Inner and Outer Circles, owes so much. Passing through the minor offices, I became its “Worshipful Master” in 1904, and, no doubt in consequence thereof, I was made Grand Chaplain of England in 1906, being invested with the signs of that rank by Earl Amherst, in the absence of the Grand Master, the Duke of Connaught. With the Grand Master, however, I was soon associated when he laid, with full Masonic ritual, and in the presence of a great gathering, the foundation-stone of the Chapter-house of the new Cathedral of Liverpool, the funds for which were provided by the brethren of Lancashire in memory of Earl Lathom, their revered and beloved Provincial Grand Master. I had to compose and

recite the dedication prayer. It was in Liverpool, also, at the time of the Church Congress there in 1904, that at a special meeting of the Harmonic Lodge, held to welcome Masons attending the Congress, I read a paper on "Should Freemasonry be Encouraged as an Handmaid of Religion, or Denounced as its Enemy?" Such a meeting had been imagined and advocated by me for several previous years, but this was the first held, although in every subsequent year there has been a similar gathering. A Freemason's prayer in rhyme which I wrote for a Masonic service in Southwark Cathedral, held during my year as Grand Chaplain, may be here appended :

A FREEMASON'S PRAYER.

Almighty Architect ! whose mind  
Hath planned all things that be,  
Whose thought is Law, whose law is Love,  
Whose love Fertility,  
Help us to reverence Thy mind,  
And see Thy Temple in mankind.

"Let there be light !" Thy primal voice  
We echo, nor in vain  
The hidden mysteries explore  
That all Thy works contain :  
Yet pray for humbleness and awe  
In tracing Thine enfolded law.



*Canon Horsley as Grand Chaplain of England*  
1906



“ Let there be life !”—it follows on,  
For light smiles not on death,  
And light is life, and life is light,  
When man remembereth  
Thy Name and Will, and thinks it joy  
To labour if in Thine employ.

“ Let there be love !”—for Thou art Love,  
All Father ! none can view  
With filial love Thy Fatherhood  
But love his brother too.  
If charity our heart has filled,  
Cementing stone to stone we build.

Wisdom, and Strength, and Beauty form  
The pillars of Thy throne ;  
Each in its perfect self belongs  
To Thee, to Thee alone ;  
Yet may they gleam before our eyes  
To make us strong, and clean, and wise.

By Faith establish well our ways ;  
Bid Hope expand our view ;  
And crown Thy gifts with golden Love,  
Which maketh all things new.  
Then shall our light before men shine  
Because they mark that we are Thine.

So mote it be !

As preacher at this service, I answered a common question, and answered a Romanist objection, in the following words :

What is Freemasonry ? asks the world that

cannot be ignorant of its existence in the face of its cosmopolitan character and its rapid growth. What is Freemasonry? ask those who have a favourable opinion preconceived of the Institution, from having observed the character, the life, the intelligence, of those whom they know to belong to the Craft, who would not be active and attached members if it were a mere pastime. What is Freemasonry? say in a very different tone those who have allowed themselves to be improperly influenced by the invincible ignorance of the advisers and followers of the Pope, who argue as to its evil nature from their observation of a body in France that we repudiate and excommunicate as being no longer Masons.

What is our answer? That it is an effective brotherhood of men of all classes, nations, races, colours, creeds, who can fulfil the conditions of being believers in one, sole, personal GOD, and in personal immortality; who are in themselves of good repute, free, sound, charitable, and loyal to the constitution and government of whatever be the country in which they dwell.

Is it a secret society? As such it has been condemned by Popes from Clement XII. in 1737 downwards, although such a ground for condemnation comes ludicrously from members or friends

of the Jesuit order. But, as a matter of fact, it is no more secret than a large house of business. We have our secrets useful to us, but of no use to anyone outside; but when secret societies were legally banned in England our Craft was specially exempted, and the Home Office is notified of every member we receive. Are we secret in our aims and purposes? They have been declared and printed, over and over again. And, anyhow, no society is bad because it may be secret, but only because its aims and acts are evil for the individual or noxious to the community. Our aims and acts, the promotion of brotherly love, relief, and truth, are known to and applauded by all.

But another common question that contains an objection may be considered here and now. Is it a Christian Society? As not only Grand Chaplain of Freemasons in England, but also as an Honorary Canon of a Cathedral Church in which the creeds and sacraments of the Catholic Church are daily recited and celebrated, I am free to admit, and unabashed in the admission, that though the great majority of us are Christians, our society is open to others who fulfil the conditions I have already enumerated. The same can be said of many other societies which the

Church is forward to uphold and extend as making for righteousness and other moral and social virtues. The complaint is really that we are a society and not a religion. Our creed, if it be one, is clear—GOD and Immortality ; the circle without beginning or end, and the line whereof we behold the beginning, but not the end. Our triad of indispensable belief is in the Fatherhood of GOD, the Brotherhood of man, and in our own immortality. Well has it been said, “ Freemasonry, although teaching no religion of its own, is the handmaid of all religions, and calculated to make every member a more sincere follower of the particular religion he professes.” Our creed was larger once, and more detailed. It was reduced with the hope, entirely justified by results, that by its limitation (while not in the least curtailing the liberty of any brother in the acceptance of any fuller creed) we might provide a broad basis of religious brotherhood wherever the principles and practice of Liberty, Fraternity, Equality are traced back to one Lord and Giver of Life, Light, and Love. We proclaim *urbi et orbi* our acceptance of the first eight and the last eight words of the Nicene Creed: “ I believe in One GOD, the FATHER Almighty . . . and the life of the world to come.” What comes between them we deny not ;

many, perhaps most of us, believe it and hold it dear ; but to the first and last dogmas alone are we, as Masons, pledged. Those of us who, as individuals, hold the whole Catholic Faith neither relinquish it nor forget it when welcoming to what we may regard as a less bounteous feast those who have not an appetite for more. Nor should we have the courage of our faith if we imagined that by such association we were more likely to lose what we have than to find opportunities for creating in others a desire for more. While two-thirds of the world is still non-Christian, should we seek for, or should we ignore, the possibility of some common ground, some *Pou sto* whence we may elevate its religions into purer air ?

Never can Masonry be anti-Christian ; and therefore we can, at least, call upon the Church to say “he that is not against us is for us.” “We have in the Veda,” says Max Müller, “the invocation *Dyans pitar*, in Greek mythology *Zeus Pater*, in the Latin *Jupiter*, and that means in all the three languages what it meant before these three were torn asunder—it means Heaven, Father. Thousands of years have passed since the Aryan nations separated to travel to the North, the South, the East, and the West ; they have each formed their

languages; they have each founded empires and philosophies; they have each built temples and razed them to the ground; they have all grown older, and it may be wiser and better; but when they search for a name for what is most exalted and most dear to every one of us, when they wish to express both awe and love, the infinite and the finite, they can but do what their old fathers did when gazing up to the eternal sky and feeling the presence of a Being as far as far, and as near as near can be; they can but combine the self-same words, and utter once more the primeval prayer of their Aryan ancestors, "Heaven, Father," in that form which will endure for ever, "Our Father, which art in Heaven."

Far distant be the day when the Craft ceases to welcome, and even to seek, such opportunities as are presented among us to-day for common worship and for mutual incitement from the highest possible motive to go forth and practise more than ever, in the conscious working under and in sight of the Great Architect of the Universe, the principles our ritual inculcates, and our vows enjoin.

I was also the author of a most interesting and unprecedented meeting held in Freemasons' Hall on July 14, 1908. The following letter

of invitation had been sent out to Episcopal brethren in the Colonies and America, signed by seven English Bishops who were also Freemasons :

“ MY DEAR BROTHER,

“ The great antiquarian Lodge, Quatuor Coronati, with its 3,000 members scattered over the world, proposes to invite to a special meeting next summer—probably in July—all Bishops who are Masons, as the opportunity afforded by the Pan-Anglican Conference of Bishops gives an opportunity for such a gathering, which would be unique and impressive.

“ The proposal commends itself to us, and we issue this preliminary notice in the hope that you will be inclined and able thus to assemble with us. Details of date and place (probably Freemasons’ Hall) will follow later. July 14 is proposed.

“ You would confer a favour on those who organize this meeting if you would send to Canon Horsley (P.M. Quatuor Coronati, No. 2076, and Past Grand Chaplain of England), at St. Peter’s Rectory, Walworth, S.E., the names and addresses of any Bishops (diocesan or suffragan) in your country whom you know to be brethren

of the Craft, so that invitations may be sent to each.

“We remain in all fraternal respect and affection,

“Yours very fraternally,

“WATKIN BANGOR.

“G. W. BATH AND WELLS.

“J. R. ROFFEN.

“T. BARKING.

“H. BARROW-IN-FURNESS.

“J. E. C. WELLDON.

“J. P. A. THETFORD.”

The Grand Master, H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, the Pro-Grand Master and the Deputy Grand Master, were present, and as guests of honour the Bishops of Perth (West Australia), Barbados, Columbia, Down, Barking, Olympia (Washington), Bunbury (Australia), Glasgow, North Queensland, and Harrisburg (U.S.A.) not a few being kept away by engagements connected with the Pan-Anglican Conference. The Grand Master briefly but impressively addressed the Lodge to the effect of his great appreciation of the occasion, saying: “We are here to give the right hand of fellowship to brethren from far over the seas—brethren united

to us doubly—in the Church and in the Craft.” The Bishops present were then presented to him individually, and afterwards some spoke of the value of Masonry in their parts of the world, especially where men were perforce isolated and without ordinary social ties and advantages ; while the Bishop of Down, Senior Grand Chaplain of Ireland (now Archbishop of Armagh), spoke of the unifying effect of Lodges in his country (which would be far greater and more beneficial but for the ignorant and unreasonable attitude of Rome towards the Craft). This single meeting would be enough to dispose of any ignorant idea that Masonry was not an interest or a pursuit for religious men.

My chief contributions to Masonic literature in the way of papers have been : “ The Seal of Solomon and the Shield of David ” ; “ New Light on the Old Pillars ” ; “ A Chapter from the Early History of the Royal Naval Lodge ” ; “ Intimations of Immortality ” ; “ Notes on the Grand Chaplains of England ” ; “ An Account of the Rebuilding of St. Paul’s Cathedral.”

## CHAPTER XI

### WORK IN WALWORTH

VERY strong are my opinions against clergy (or others, but clergy especially) seeking preferment, urging their claims, and in other ways showing that they have the *cacoëthes petendi*. Bishops and other patrons of livings, and the Patronage Secretary of a Government, perhaps also high officials in the War Office, could a sordid tale unfold of applications they have received ; and much of the talk about “ calls ” is cant—and cant of a peculiarly nauseating kind. Better is the condition of mind that accepts with humility and faith the teaching of the ancient Persian proverb, “ The stone that is fit for the wall will not be left by the way,” and understands that not the stone, but the great Architect of the universe, is the best judge of its fitness and of the right time for its elevation. Or, as Arvisenet writes in his “ *Memoriale Vitæ Sacerdotalis* ” : “ Abide without choice, and thou shalt always be a gainer.”

As I knew not that my first benefice was vacant when it was offered and pressed on me, so also unexpectedly there arrived on December 13, 1893, a letter from an old friend, who was then Bishop of Rochester, and is now Archbishop of Canterbury, offering me St. Peter's, Walworth : "Will you come and take this work in hand? I believe that, with the blessing of GOD, you might effect much for the parish and neighbourhood. It is one of the most important posts in South London." I set out to find the place, and my sister-in-law sat down in a high pew and wept when she saw the interior of the church, which originally had been like Trinity, Woolwich, on a larger scale, though somewhat improved by my predecessor. Sir John Soane, the architect of the Bank of England, built it in 1824, and was so proud of this big brick box, with its Ionic and Corinthian columns at the west end, that he reproduced it later as Holy Trinity, Marylebone. Fourteen thousand people in a parish of about six hundred yards square, and some twenty acres of it worn-out slums, now happily cleared, when the leases ran out, by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, who have erected a new town of decency and comfort (with the strange exception, in spite of my pro-

tests, of not providing a single bathroom for their tenants) and of some architectural pretensions and variety. My report drew from the Bishop another letter, in which, after saying, "Your letter certainly presents a melancholy picture," he says, "I shall be sorry if you decide against it, because I think you would grapple better than most men with such a problem." So I accepted it.

To build castles in the air has always seemed to me not only a reprehensible waste of time, but also a form of conceit or wrong ambition; whereas to build cottages in the air—*i.e.*, to consider what one would do if suddenly deprived of means or health—might be a prudential and salutary exercise that would diminish the probability of discontent when evil days came. It is not, indeed, in castles that Honorary Canons dwell; but it had never entered my mind that I should ever be given an honour of this kind, when, on February 7, 1903, I began to read the following letter. I thought it was some friend's joke, and I turned to the end to discover the name of the writer. It ran :

"MY DEAR HORSLEY,

"May I have the honour of nominating you to the Canonry in our Cathedral vacant by

the death of Canon Haygarth, and the pleasure of showing that the Church is not unmindful of yeoman's service in dealing with some of her most urgent and difficult problems, and aiming at the elevation and purification of social order and public life?

"The duties are not heavy, though I have tried to give something more than honorary character to the greater Chapter. I have asked each Canon whom I have nominated to accept the Canonry subject to the condition that if he should leave the Diocese he will tender his resignation to the Bishop for the time being.

"With many thanks for much personal help, believe me, my dear Horsley,

"Yours very sincerely,

"E. ROFFEN."

On January 17, 1904, therefore, I was installed in Rochester Cathedral by Dean Hole, noticing my coat of arms as that of Bishop Horsley, once Bishop of Rochester, on the wall opposite to my seat. When, however, the new Diocese of Southwark was formed out of that of Rochester by law, Canons had the choice to which they would belong, and Southwark naturally claimed me rather than the more distant city in Kent.

Very soon after my coming to Walworth the Parish Councils Act came into force, which brought new principles into civic life and new hopes and powers to multitudes of citizens who hitherto had been practically without voice or interest in local self-government. No longer was the tradesman or occupant of a fairly large house to have seven votes to the one allowed to the artisan or labourer, a state of affairs that, as I found at Woolwich, so disheartened the working men that they thought it useless to vote. Hitherto the Newington Vestry had been almost exclusively bourgeois and non-Progressive. Now the democracy found its opportunity, and by large majorities in a contest which excited much interest and even enthusiasm, twenty-six Progressives and but one Moderate were elected. Our published programme pledged us to: (1) Strict economy, but efficient service; (2) trade union pay and conditions of labour for all our employees, and for those employed by those who had contracts with the Vestry; (3) abolition of a plurality of offices being held by one man; (4) a more just assessment of certain properties, especially of licensed premises; (5) admission to our Vestry meetings of any citizen, and not merely of those who were direct ratepayers; (6) the thorough

and expeditious carrying out of the Sanitary Acts, and an adequate staff to carry out the prescribed, but neglected, house-to-house visitation ; (7) a far more thorough working of the Acts against adulteration ; (8) inquiry into the working of ancient local charities ; (9) rate-collecting to be done at a central office. These aims and proposals were novel, and, as such, resisted by our opponents, although most of them are accepted now. Till the Parish Councils Act, the Chairman of the Vestry had everywhere been the Rector of the parish *ex officio*, but now he was to be elected. Quite unexpectedly this honour was given to me, and I became the first elected Chairman, and, by virtue of that office, also a Justice of the Peace for London. The adaptation of new principles and the carrying out of new aims meant much work in the first year under new conditions, but when at the end of the year I set the example (since followed by every occupant of the chair, whether of the Newington Vestry or of the Borough Council, when Newington became the larger part of the Borough of Southwark) of giving a résumé of the year's work and happenings, I was able to show that we had held forty more meetings than any previous Vestry ; that, by placing all our

sanitary staff under the Local Government Board, our increased staff of seven had cost us directly only £703, whereas before the inadequate staff of four cost £848; that we had secured the whole time of our Medical Officer of Health; that in enforcing the Food and Drugs Act we had done nearly thrice as much in the year as our predecessors had done in three years in the matter of sampling milk, taking 555 samples against a maximum of ninety-one, with which our predecessors had been contented; we had carried out our promise of trade union rate of wage, abolished piecework in our dépôt, and dispensed with contractors in the matter of paving; attention to assessment, especially in the matter of public-houses, had resulted in a gain of over £12,000 to the parish; the sanitary defects remedied had risen from the 13,000 of the Moderate régime to 22,000; we had opened our Public Library on Sunday; and in many other ways had done more than could have been expected for a first year's work by new men under new conditions.

Having been re-elected at the end of my year of office, I was able again in a second annual review to congratulate the Vestry on progress. We had taken 1,048 samples of milk in our two

years of office, as compared with 201 for the last three years of our Moderate predecessors, with 162 prosecutions against their fifty-nine, and the result was that whereas they had found an average adulteration of 39 per cent., it was now 10 per cent. for our first year and 7 per cent. for the second. Street-lighting has an important bearing upon the amount of safety to life and limb and the comparative amount of rowdiness or immorality, and we had added fifty-seven additional lamps, as against only nineteen in the three preceding years, and we had also obtained an Electric Lighting Order whereby shortly we were to become the first municipal body in South London to light its streets thus. A Moderate proclamation at our 1897 Vestry election said that our estimate of 10,000 lights "was a ridiculous number, and one they will never get." We have now connected 57,785 eight-candle-power lamps for light, and for power 26,246. Public baths and washhouses had been established by our predecessors, but to economise they had cut out of the scheme the provision of a second-class swimming-bath—just the one most needed, especially if we were to benefit the children of Newington and Walworth. On my motion from the chair this defect was removed, and in the year ending

March 31, 1910, this particular bath was used by 121,773 persons, mainly school-children. We also granted £2,500 to meet the equal sum given by the London County Council to acquire some three-quarters of an acre in East Street as a children's playground. There was then one acre of open space for each 768 persons in London generally, but only one for each 20,000 in Newington and Walworth.

I ended my Chairman's address in 1897 by saying: "This century, with its grand, varied, and unceasing progress in all departments of human activity, seems to me to be divisible as regards the interests of labour, which are to the majority of us chiefly dear, into three epochs. First, that in which by legislation, by combination, and by individual effort, all increasingly prompted and sustained by a progressively enlightened public opinion, the many and now undoubted *wrongs* of the industrial classes were mainly removed. Second, that in which most of their *rights* have been accorded—the right of franchise, the right of union, and the consequent right of better conditions of life and labour. And, thirdly, that which still remains with us and before us, the epoch of the fuller and more ungrudging recognition of our *duties*. The more we have gained

rights, even if Labour has still to struggle for the fulness of rights, the more we must remember that Duty is even a greater word than rights. Duty is never more nobly done than when rights are denied ; but rights will always be grudged, and never be fully appreciated, when sloth or selfishness keeps duty undone. It is more popular to denounce wrongs ; more exciting to clamour for rights ; but in the quiet and thorough discharge of a citizen's duty lies the honour and the safety of the State."

I suppose it might be said of me, as it was said of Mr. Gladstone, that I am a Tory by instinct and a Radical by reason. But for imperial politics I care little in comparison with what is connoted by the words Progressive and Moderate, although those I indicate by the latter word have changed their name so often for electioneering purposes that they might be known as "Uniconmodormers," having sometimes fought as Unionists, sometimes openly as Conservatives (though to be both a Conservative and a Progressive is neither impossible nor altogether unknown), sometimes as Moderates, and now as Municipal Reformers—a title feloniously appropriated from the Progressives' Municipal Reform League, later and now known as the London Reform Union. The

importation of imperial politics into self-government and the election of Councillors or Guardians is much to be deprecated, as leading to a faulty cross-division of a kind injurious to municipal interests. I know, however, many who vote Conservative in Parliamentary elections but Progressive in matters municipal, and I could conceive the possibility of doing so myself; but when one's life-work and habitation have been chiefly amongst the poor, one is forced, it seems to me at any rate, into opposition to the party from which all resistance or obstruction to vital reforms does come. "A man is known by the company he keeps" is a principle not without reason and weight (except, perhaps, in the case of a prison chaplain!). Let us imagine that a Borough Council election is pending in Walworth, and that you and I, dear and innocent reader, know nothing of the candidates save their names. For whom shall we vote in the hope that the interests of morality and of sanitation may be promoted? We can discover some tests:

1. Nearly every public-house has Moderate, not one Progressive, bills displayed. Most of them seem on election days to be houses of call or havens of rest for rubicund voters and red-billed vehicles. It is plain on which side are the

interests of brewers. If these are also yours, you will vote Moderate; if not, then otherwise will your vote be cast.

2. We are cognisant of acres of poverty, owned by slum-owners or cottage-farmers, who regard tenants chiefly as rent-producing animals, and resent any suggestion that tenements should be made more healthy. Such complain to Borough Councils or Local Government Board of "persecution" when the laws passed for the protection of the poor are enforced. They inspire and finance opposition to the Progressives and their actions. If you are on their side, vote Moderate.

3. Are you a betting man, and one who resents the clearance from the streets of the turf agents who foster the gambling habit that ruins so many working men's homes, and leads to so many forms of dishonesty? If so, at the bidding of the Sporting League, you will oppose the Progressives, and walk into the polling-stations with the bookies.

4. One important plank in the Progressive platform has always been the strict enforcement of the Acts against adulteration, especially of food. Professions in this direction will be made by candidates on both sides, but in practice

(*experto crede*) it is found that, while the professional men and working men on a Council are eager to give this protection to the child, the invalid, and to the honest trader, complaints of "harassing" and "poking about our shops" nearly always come from those who oppose Progressives. Not a few honourable exceptions, no doubt; but you will have the company of most of these obstructives if you vote Moderate.

5. Both sides agree in desiring the reduction of rates. But what rate first and chiefly? The Progressives say, "Down with the death rate, the sickness rate, the drunkenness rate, the ignorance rate, the unemployed rate, and then let us think of the money rate, which by that time will have largely reduced itself." The Retrogressives' only idea of "Municipal Reform" is to say, "Down with the money rate, even if we have to starve our expenditure on public health and welfare." Some seek a seat that they may promote the health of the many; some that they may guard the wealth of the few.

6. Are you still in doubt, but very desirous of being in good company as a voter? This may help you. I got a lady to canvass some lady voters in my ward. Said one: "My dear, I don't understand the difference between Moderate

and Progressive, but I am informed that the genteel thing is to vote Moderate, and therefore I am going to do so." If, then, you want to gain, or to vindicate, a character for gentility, apart from foolish and unremunerative considerations of right or wrong, of the enforcement or neglect of health laws, and other matters mostly of importance to the poor and the industrial classes, then join the ignoble army of the merely genteel, and vote Moderate, so that progress may be made impossible and retrogression probable.

Thus not a few clergy feel who live among and for the industrial classes, who form nine-tenths of the population of their parishes ; but they are made to smart for speech and action if revenge can be achieved. My old friend and neighbour, Canon Jephson, writes in his "My Work in London" (published by Pitman,), apropos of one who owns streets upon streets in South London and about a third of my parish, whose title was gained by the Toryism for which he lives : "If a clergyman is thus convinced in his mind, he will have to reckon the cost. He will be left without the money help of the well-to-do. When I first went to Walworth a noble lord kindly paid for a third curate at my request ; but after two years, when I had spoken at some meeting on the House of Lords question,

he withdrew his subscription, and the curate was given up. His lordship thought, no doubt, he was punishing me, but the real effect was to withdraw from my staff the only Conservative on it, and the parish was left to the uncovenanted mercies of the remaining Liberals. Similarly, a firm of brewers withdrew their subscription to our Church schools because of my attitude towards the Trade—£2 2s. I think it was. As if I were going to alter the convictions of a lifetime for forty-two shillings!"

If the parish priest suffered punishment for being a teetotaller or a Progressive, one could understand such things being done, but the result of such narrow action is only to cause loss to the poor amongst whom he labours, without thought of party or even of religion, as regards their needs. It might be hoped that this was an isolated instance of bigotry. Not at all. When the slums in my parish were to be cleared away, S. Peter's Church Schools were in the midst, and stood in the way of a new street; therefore the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, who own about a third of the parish, bought the site, gave us a new one, and enabled me to build a very up-to-date school in the place of one that was aged, infirm, and inadequate. The Education Department

urged me to enlarge the school, as it did such excellent work. I therefore wrote to this same ignoble lord, as half of the children were those of his tenants, and he owned a third of the parish, for a donation. The answer now before me is : "The views which you hold upon social and economical questions are well known, and are not such as Lord —— is inclined to promote the spread of by contributing to the support of schools under your control." In answer, I pointed out that he had not been asked to support the schools or to promote my views, while at any moment I might cease to be Rector, and, anyhow, a new school would be more for the future than the present ; and I added : "It is only the cheerful giver that GOD loves, and therefore you would not profit by any gift under the present circumstances. I shall, however, continue cheerfully to give (as my social and economic, as well as my religious views prompt me) everything I can to and for the benefit of my poor neighbours, your tenants." Later on a Primitive Methodist minister, doing an excellent work in the borough, had a placard advocating the Licensing Bill outside his chapel. Promptly this same person withdrew his support in consequence. The difference between such conduct and blackmailing is hard to see.

This new school was built, and prospers. In it I spend much pleasant time, part of it in the constant endeavour to get successive generations of girls (worse in this respect than boys) to see the difference between the Walworth and the English tongue. Cockneys do not now speak of widows as "vidders" as they did in the days of Dickens, nor do they, so much as when I was young, drop their aspirates; but the pronunciation of words is dreadful. Frequently I write on a blackboard some phrase I have heard in the schoolroom or the street according to its Walworth pronunciation, and then invite some boy or girl to write the English thereof underneath. The children take very kindly to my corrections, though fearfully puzzled when some of their sentences are pilloried in their phonetic form. Thus :

" Binter tiker rome,"  
" Binnavinagime,"  
" Biby's nime's Jimes—pline Jimes,"  
" Ai in't a gowin',"  
" Ai ain't 'ad no kike,"  
" Ow, shy cans,"  
" Rowzis lite,"

are hardly intelligible until I read them with the local whine and vowel sounds, and then at once they recognise

"I've been to take her home,"  
"I've been having a game,"  
"Baby's name is James—plain James,"  
"I'm not going,"  
"I haven't had any cake,"  
"Oh, shake hands,"  
"Rose is late."

And one is really puzzled when a certain girl gives her name. Whether it is Ada Payne, Ida Payne, Ada Pine, or Ida Pine, none can tell from the way in which it is pronounced in Walworth. They can pronounce "a" correctly after me, but the further step of saying "baby" becomes impossible. Though no one appreciates the work of the L.C.C. school-teachers more than I do, I have to confess that they are not immaculate in their pronunciation. They acquire, many of them, what is known as the teacher's voice, with its shrill intonation, its whining cadences, which are not helpful towards correct vowel sounds among the scholars. A daughter of mine saw in a local draper's window some ties, and desired to buy one for her brother. Going in, she said: "I want to see some ties, please." "This way for corsets, miss." "No, I said ties—neckties." "Oh, I beg your pardon, miss; I thought you said stys"—*i.e.*, stays!

And, of course, intelligibility is not promoted

when slang forms a usual part of the home vocabulary. Those know little of a country who know only its highways, and, similarly, a language, even if it be our native tongue, is not thoroughly known as regards its history, its growth, its fluctuations, and its capabilities unless we know something of the "vulgar tongue" in the more modern sense of the word vulgar. The study of slang is of interest not only to antiquarians and etymologists. Putting aside as merely trivial the more modern rhyming slang and back slang, invented and chiefly used by costermongers, to whom "daisy roots" is a substitute for the word boots, and "yennep" for a penny, real old slang, or cant, or argot is the conservator of not a few Saxon words, the adopter of many that are foreign, and into the purest English have come *viâ* slang not a few words whose humble origin is not by many suspected. When M. Barriere, Professor of French at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich (commonly called "the Shop" by its students) brought out a slang dictionary in two volumes, I collaborated by undertaking prison slang, with which I was familiar from my chaplaincy at Clerkenwell and my desire to understand the language of my charges. But slang is an always changing language, and I wonder whether any

who travel in this byway of literature keep themselves *au courant* with its new-born elements.

Chancing one day to say something to the upper standards of S. Peter's School as to when slang words or expressions might be tolerated and when not, it occurred to me to set my dear Tommies and Pollies to write as an exercise the chief slang words which they knew to be slang. The result somewhat surprised me, since I found in these vocabularies many words quite new to me, although, from the circumstances of my London work, ordinary Cockney slang was far more familiar to me than to most.

Rhyming slang, of course, has neither antiquity nor stability, and anyone can coin a word of this kind. Therefore I was not much interested when the children gave me such words as "needle and thread" for bed, "you and me" for tea, "Jim Skinner" for dinner, "Darky Kelly" for belly, "apples and pears" for stairs, "Cain and Abel" for table, "Crimea" for beer, or even "brussels-sprout" for boy scout.

Some, however, which I had not before seen or had forgotten, were of the more ancient kind. "Tush," for money, would be an abbreviation of "tusheroon," which in old cant, and also in the tinker dialect, signified a crown. "Stever," for a coin, is a

survival of the old English "stiver" (from the Dutch "stuiver"); and "quidlet," for half a sovereign, has recently been coined from the older "quid." But others were new to me, such as "jossop" for broth, "scatty" for mad, "shont" for foreigner, "rozzer" for policeman, "coal" for a penny, "mibbies" for marbles, "bar" for a sovereign, "dadla" or "fadger" for a farthing, "mingee" for greedy, "wet sack" for dunce, "water bonse" for a "cry baby," and "moggies" for cats. One of their most common expressions is "hopping the wag," for playing truant—a sufficiently unintelligible phrase; but in old cant "hop the Charlie" was the equivalent of to decamp.

Ingenuity and humour are sometimes the parents of slang terms, and of older verbal jests I was reminded by the plainly modern "monkey on a gridiron" for cyclist, or "hog in armour" for district messenger boy, "mud-pusher" for M.P. (tell it not in St. Stephen's!), "piano" for ribs of beef, and perhaps "churcher" for threepenny bit appealed to me as a cleric. ABC is obviously a convenient and non-committal expression of warning—"A bobby coming!" And the origin of "nossy!" or "Your nose, ducky!" to express "Mind your own business!" is plain. But why "blind Bill" for a penny cup of coffee?

The real interest which in the past has been found to attach to the study of the illegitimate children of the English tongue makes me hope that someone, with the taste and leisure, is keeping an eye on new arrivals of this kind, whether they prove to have come to stay or whether they are merely ephemeral.

And at other times I have taken similar steps to ascertain what were the current thoughts, as well as the current language, of the parish. Thus to see whether they were, by instinct or by domestic and school training, superior to the low level of commercial morality expressed in the adage *caveat emptor*—the habitual use of which has been assumed to be universal in horse-dealing, and too common in all trades—I put to the children as an exercise the solving on paper, unaided, the question :

“If a boy sold a pair of roller skates that were broken, and he knew it, but the purchaser did not, what would you say about it?”

One child, and one alone—a boy—puts the matter entirely from the view of immediate self-interest dominating all other considerations. He says boldly : “If I had a pair of skates that were broken, I would not let him know, because I would not be able to sell them.” Some, but not

many, regard rather the ignorance or carelessness of the buyer as blamable, while not excusing (as many of their elders would) the immorality of the transaction on this ground. Thus we have: "The boy was dealing unfare to the buyer, and the buyer is not sencerble for not examening the skates before he bought them." Another describes the vendor as "an artful boy" and the buyer as "silly, because he did not look first." Another point of view is suggested—that the bitten is perhaps not bitten after all, for "perhaps he only wanted them for one purpose, for wheels or axels." Some mistake the question, and take it to mean: "What would you say to the vendor if you were the buyer?" although the great majority see that it means: "What would you think of the act?" Therefore some say they would demand their money back, and others would point out the defect, and offer only sixpence for the lot.

Most, however, both boys and girls, express entire reprobation in unqualified, though varying terms. "He was a dishonest, not just," and "not a fair boy." "He would not like anybody to do it to him," shows that the *argumentum ad hominem* is felt to be more compelling than *caveat emptor*. "He was a cheat"—"a very bad boy," "a fraud"—"He hogh (ought) to be ashamed of himself"—

“a thief and a downright cheat”—“a very wiked boy”—“a cowerd”—“deseatful”—“a hyocrip”—“He did a very cadish trick, and I think he ought to have a good hiding.” One righteous boy seems, however, to have a precocious, if not personal, knowledge of the ways of the unrighteous, for he says: “The boy was unfair, was a cheat and thief, and would run away happy, buy some sweets or some fried fish and potatoes. And the boy, perhaps, would not let his mother know. She will find out, because she would ask him where the skates were.” A girl sees the value of integrity, although with distorted ideas of how to spell “character.” Says she: “I would be a very dishonist girl, and I would not do it becaused I would be taken my carchetor away.”

May they preserve these straightforward ideas through life! May they never descend to that level of commercial “morality” in which the maxim *caveat emptor* prevails, or even a creed, a burglar honestly gave, which is that of many, “Do everybody, and take care they don’t do you.” Will they have altered their minds for the worse twenty years hence, and have reason to sigh with Tom Hood,

“To me is little joy  
To think that Heaven seems farther off  
Than when I was a boy”?

Our school is probably unique in London as having an open space of an acre on each side of it, the one being a garden and playground with a bandstand, given by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners in the clearing of the slums, and kept up by the L.C.C., while the other is the old churchyard of S. Peter's, and kept up as a garden and place of rest by the Borough Council, as I have already described.\* This churchyard has been an advantage and a joy both to young and old, although most flowers refuse to flourish here, partly owing to the ground being full of tree-roots, and partly to the nature of our smoke-polluted air; yet bulbs and irises (the poor man's orchid) do well, and with their blossoms we are charmed from April to July. Also I have established therein an aviary, with occasionally some animal lodgers of a higher order (such even as a monkey or a lemur), and this all day long has interested observers. The present occupants are pigeons of various kinds, doves, bantams, a cockatoo (which has flourished out of doors for several years), and a squirrel. In another way, soon after my arrival, I caused the bodies of the departed not to stand in the way of the benefit of those living here. Under the

\* See p. 14.

church was a crypt of great size, dark, though with many unglazed but barred windows, so that a taper was necessary to guide one through the piles of coffins stacked up like egg-boxes—some in a good state of preservation and some not. Though the cats of the neighbourhood found it a convenient place for kitting and nocturnal concerts, I saw two things—that its state was a sanitary abomination, and that there were capabilities in it as a home for much parish work. So I set the Medical Officer of Health to work, and, under an Order of the Queen in Council, the two hundred and forty-seven unburied corpses or sets of bones were carefully removed and buried at Woking—an example which caused the same to be done in several other old churches in South London. I got some healthy exercise by demolishing with a sledge-hammer some of the bricking-up of the original arches, and the crypt was restored to the design of the architect, and formed a picturesque hall with stone floor and roof.

To glaze the windows and introduce gas was the next step, and now for many years it has been the scene or home of many activities. One aisle partitioned off makes a children's church, where services are held by my licensed lay readers. The

old recesses or rooms for the obsolete warming apparatus became full of huge "cookers," which during the winter half of the year produced the soup which afforded hundreds of thousands of meals not only to the children of the neighbourhood, but also to those of distant Church and Roman Catholic and L.C.C. schools, to which we sent it by cart year after year until the L.C.C. undertook the feeding of necessitous children. The rest of the crypt harbours our Cadet Corps and Boys' Club, room being found for billiard-room and rifle-range. The Penny Bank meets there every Monday, and occasional parties enliven the scene—notably, a Christmas dinner each year to two hundred poor people over sixty years of age, when with decorations and lights, and the rows of well-appointed tables, the sight is one which some illustrated papers have been eager to portray.

The bars to the windows remind us of our grandparents' fear of "body-snatching"; but why was it ever desired that bodies should be accumulated unburied under these Georgian churches? I have already, in speaking of Witney, pointed out how class pride helped to make the use of coffins common, at least in England; and I have no doubt it was another

development of the same nasty pride and exclusiveness which made those who could afford to pay not a few guineas stow away the confined remains of their friends where they could be safe from the contamination of the common herd, whose bodies were properly buried in the earth of the churchyard outside.

## CHAPTER XII

### CONCLUSION

WHEN, in 1900, came the division of London into boroughs after the ancient fashion of country towns, with Mayors, Aldermen, and Councillors, Newington's population was larger than that of some other divisions of London, but autonomy was denied, in spite of its protests, and part of Southwark was added on to make the new Borough of Southwark, the first Mayor being Mr. J. A. Dawes, who had come on the Newington Vestry when I did, and had succeeded me in the chair. Since then he has added to the indebtedness of the district to him by becoming its representative both on the L.C.C. and in Parliament as M.P. for Walworth. Other Mayors succeeded, each with his own ideal of duty, and all with a desire to help the various parts of the borough to live up to the motto it had chosen for itself, "United to serve." Then, in November, 1909, most unexpectedly by me, I was unanimously elected Mayor; and one

thing can be said of me, which I hope will not be said of any other Mayor for many years : " He served in two reigns." A cloud overshadowed England, and not only England, in May, when Edward the Peacemaker, the royal and the loyal representative as well as ruler of Englishmen, passed away. George V. (may he wipe out the memory of George IV. !) soon passed through our borough, and showed his kindly thoughtfulness in the way in which he arranged to receive our salute outside our Borough Road Library when he drove by with the Queen. Considering how common is consumption in our borough, I was thankful when able to secure a visit from the Tuberculosis Exhibition, which was very largely attended by those who needed and would profit by the education it provided. We must never forget that we need no more have phthisis than small-pox in our midst. This Exhibition, no doubt, helped to prepare the way for the Borough Council becoming responsible for five beds in the Benenden Sanatorium, to which we have sent, and continue to send, young men whose incipient disease can be removed by timely treatment in a less polluted air. During the year I was called upon to represent the Council officially on no less than 136 occasions, apart from Council and committee meetings, of which I

attended 124, and there were few days when I did not do some work at the Town Hall. In my valedictory address I mentioned that for the mayoral year the infantile death-rate was 110, the lowest on record, and the general death-rate only fifteen, again the lowest on record. I added: "Thank God for general and local amelioration, but what is natural and non-preventable has not yet been reached, and to create a fools' paradise of complacency is only to provide a playground for knaves." The improvement was partly due to the establishment of a Southwark Health Society, whereof I am chairman, whose voluntary workers have visited, under the advice of our Medical Officer of Health, thousands of phthisis and maternity cases. Open spaces also have direct relation, not merely to the greater pleasantness of city life, especially in such densely crowded areas as ours, but also to public health. In my review of the decade during which the Borough Council had existed, I pointed out that ten years ago Southwark had only one acre to every 22,134 population, while London north of the Thames (which sometimes seems impudently to think that it alone is London) had one for every 725; and that even now, when we had increased our  $9\frac{1}{3}$  acres to 13, or one to every 16,295 persons,

we had obviously little power of increasing the number or size of such oases of beauty in the Sahara of monotonous meanness. During the decade we had added Christchurch Churchyard, St. George's Churchyard, West Square, and the small Buckenham Square Garden, all maintained by our Council, and Nelson Square and Faraday Garden, kept up by the London County Council. Also towards external parks and playgrounds, used by our people, we contributed £3,253 towards the acquisition and extension of Ruskin Park, and £2,500 to Brockwell Park, following a contribution of £5,000 made previously by the Newington Vestry. It may be added that we also paid £1,557 towards the laying out of West Square, and £500 towards Nelson Square in the Blackfriars Road. Ten years ago, also, there were only about 1,090 trees planted in the streets, while now we have 1,890 doing their beneficent work of giving beauty where none existed, and still more, of absorbing the poison of our breath, and giving in return the oxygen we sorely need.

I have said, perhaps, little as to my seventeen years' life and work in Walworth ; but to have said more would have been to enter into matters mainly of personal or parochial interest. *J'y suis, j'y reste.* During the time I have seen every

parish in the rural deanery with one exception filled twice, thrice, four times—even five times, since some clergy are apparently found too good for Walworth, and so are moved away, while others move, as finding Walworth not good enough for them. Being in neither case, I remain as a limpet on my Petrine rock.

Such are some recollections and observations derived from a life that has been strenuous and happy—happy because strenuous and because of the possession of varied interests and of the absence of wealth, debts, and ambition, and because of a congenital inability to be unemployed and of a recognition of the fact that my time is not my own. Should they interest some, that will be something. Should any word or record in them inspire in any a novel or increased action for the benefit of others—especially the poor and the children—I shall be thankful.









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